HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. V.—No. 226.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

We devote most of our space this week to illustrations of this memorable event. On pages 264 and 265 will be found a general picture of the Bombardment, seen from Fort Johnson. On page 260 we give a picture of the Interior of Fort Sumter during the terrible rain of shot and shell from the Confederate batteries; and on page 261 an accurate Map of the Harbor of Charleston, showing the relative position of Sumter and of the batteries by which it was surrounded. We now subjoin, by way of record, a brief account of the transaction.

On 8th April Lieutenant Talbot and Mr. Chew, messengers from the President, informed General Beauregard that the Government would supply Major Anderson with provisions—which were denied him by the South Carolinians—peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. General Beauregard referred the message to his Government at Montgomery, and was ordered to reduce the fort. He summoned Major Anderson to surrender on 11th. The reply was:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say, in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance."

Accordingly at 4.27 A.M. on 12th fire was opened from Fort Moultrie on Fort Sumter. To this Major Anderson replied with three of his barbette guns, after which the batteries on Mount Pleasant, Cummings's Point, and the Floating Battery opened a brisk fire of shot and shell. Major Anderson did not reply, except at long intervals, until between seven and eight o'clock, when he brought into action the two tiers of guns looking toward Fort Moultrie and Stevens's iron battery. The fire continued brisk all day. At 7 P.M. a heavy rain-storm caused a cessation of hostilities till 11 P.M. Major Anderson appears to have employed the interval in repairing damages. At or about 11 P.M. the fire recommenced, and a shell was thrown into Fort Sumter from each battery every twenty minutes during the night. With daybreak the heavy bombardment recommenced from all the batteries; the fire was returned from Fort Sumter with vigor until about 8 A.M., when Fort Sumter was perceived to be on fire. Major Anderson's fighting then slackened, but the fire of the besiegers increased in intensity. At about 10 A.M. Major Anderson lowered his flag to half-mast in token of distress; perhaps as a signal to the United States vessels which were lying at anchor outside the bar, unable to get into the harbor so as to participate in the conflict. About half past ten one or two explosions took place in the fort; it has since been ascertained that these proceeded from the heating of piles of shells. Meanwhile the fire progressed rapidly; the whole roof of the barracks was a sheet of flame, and flames and smoke issued thickly from the casemates. At or about eleven Major Anderson ceased firing, and devoted his whole attention to putting out the fire. At about noon some of his men were noticed on the wharf of the fort handing in buckets of water; the besiegers' fire, which had never slackened, was at once directed upon them. In a few minutes afterward Major Anderson hauled down his flag. A boat then put off, containing ex-Governor Manning, Major D. R. Jones, and Colonel Charles Allston, to arrange the terms of surrender, which were the same as those offered on the 11th. These were official. They stated that all proper facilities would be afforded for the removal of Major Anderson and his command, together with the company arms and property, and all private property, to any post in the United States he might elect. Major Anderson stated that he surrendered his sword to General Beauregard as the representative of the Confederate Government. General Beauregard said he would not receive it from so brave a man.

The correspondent of the Press telegraphs on 14th:

"The last act in the drama of Fort Sumter has been concluded. Major Anderson has evacuated, and, with his command, departed by the steamer *Isabel* from the harbor. He saluted his flag, and the company, then forming on the parade-ground, marched out upon the wharf, with drum and fife playing 'Yankee Doodle.'

"During the salute a pile of cartridges burst in one of the casemates, killing two men and wounding four others. One was buried in the fort with military honors. The other will be buried by the soldiers of South Carolina.

"The scene in the city after the raising of the flag of truce and the surrender is indescribable; the people were perfectly wild. Men on horseback rode through the streets proclaiming the news, amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

"On the arrival of the officers from the fort they were marched through the streets, followed by an immense crowd, hurrahing, shouting, and yelling with excitement.

"The number of soldiers in the fort was about seventy, besides twenty-five workmen, who assisted at the guns. His stock of provisions was almost exhausted, however. He would have been starved out in two more days.

"The entrance to the fort is mined, and the officers were told to be careful, even after the surrender, on account of the heat, lest it should explode.

"Several fire companies were immediately sent down to Fort Sumter to put out the fire, and any amount of assistance was offered.

"The fort is burned into a mere shell; not a particle of wood-work can be found. The guns on one side of the parapet are entirely dismounted, others split, while the gun-carriages are knocked into splinters.

"The flames have destroyed every thing. Both officers and soldiers were obliged to lie on their faces in the casemates to prevent suffocation.

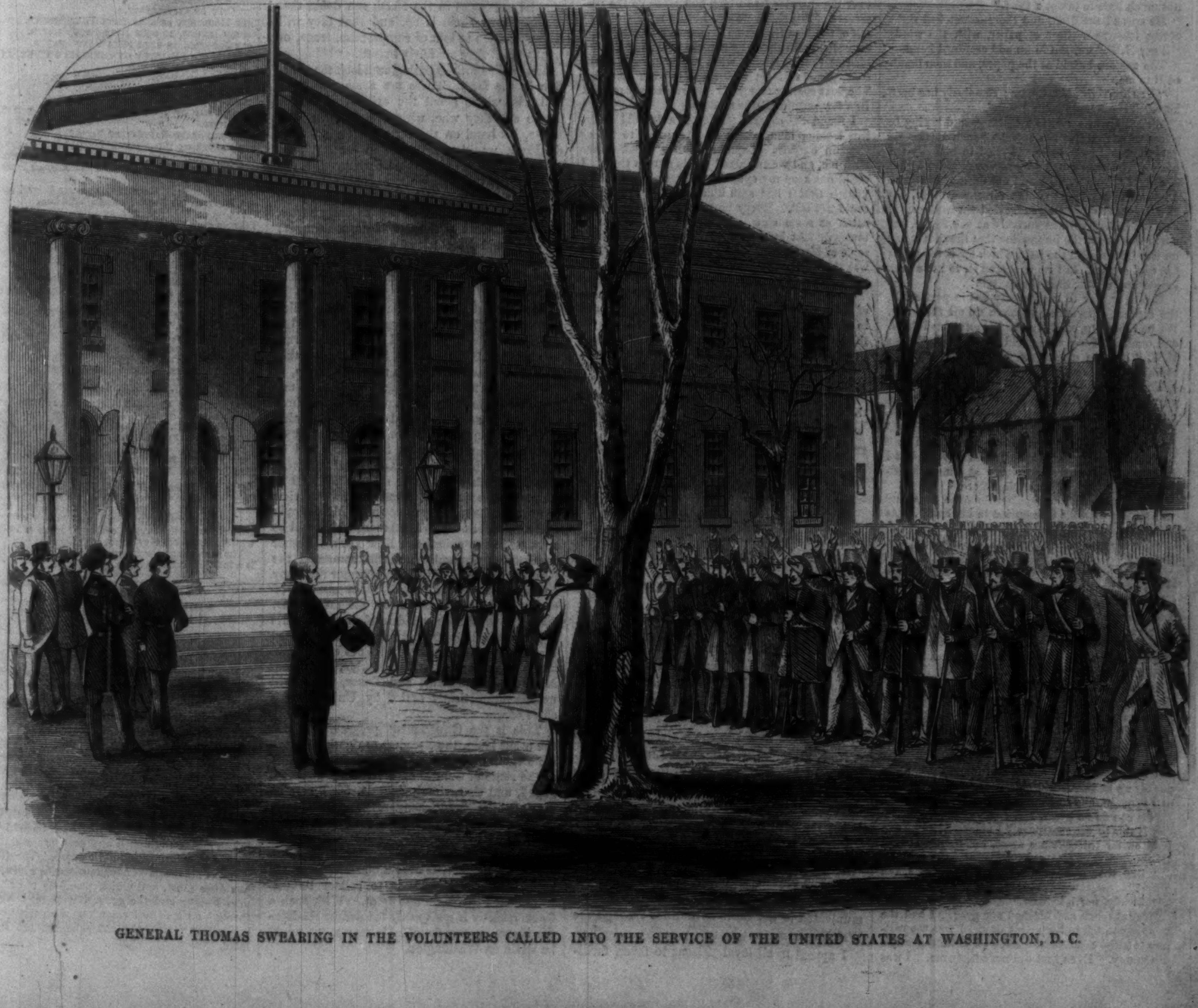
SWEARING IN VOLUNTEERS AT WASHINGTON.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by our special artist in Washington, a picture of the Swearing in of the Volunteers called out by the President for the defense of the Federal Capital. The Washington *Star* describes the scene thus:

"As we went to press yesterday the volunteer companies were responding to the call of the War Department for volunteers to defend the city of Washington from assault. In the case of some of the companies a portion of the members declined to take the oath required by the Department of all soldiers mustered into the United States service, and the deficit in the ranks of said companies thereby brought them below the standard requirement as to numbers, and they were not received by the Government.

"The following is the form of the oath administered to the volunteers who were mustered into the service of the United States yesterday. It is nothing more than the usual army oath. It was administered by General Thomas, of the District of Columbia Militia:

"'I, —— ——, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies or



GENERAL THOMAS SWEARING IN THE VOLUNTEERS CALLED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

opposers whatsoever: that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules of the armies of the United States: so help me God.'

"The Washington Rifles were inspected and mustered into the service, and every man in the line took the required oath. So heartily was the thing done by the entire company that the crowd of spectators outside the fence burst out into quite a demonstration of applause."

STEER N.W.

THE FIRST OFFICER'S STORY.

About two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it; and as I wanted some more exciting employment I joined a whaler. We were unlucky—somehow, I bring no luck any where—and we were nearly empty. We were cruising up here to the north, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed: and the ice forms precious quick in those latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chance of another haul.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log, and took it to the captain's cabin. I knocked at the door, and as nobody answered I walked in. I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing. Seeing he was employed, I told him I had brought the log, laid it down on the table behind him, and as he made no answer I walked out. I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain. I was puzzled—I could not make out how he had got there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said; "I just left you writing in your cabin."

"I have not been in my cabin for the last half-hour," the captain answered; but I thought he was chaffing, and I didn't like it.

"There was some one writing at your desk just now," I said; "if it wasn't you, you had better go and see who it was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, Sir;" and with that I walked sulkily away. I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

"Mr. Brown," said the captain, who saw I was nettled, "you must have been mistaken, my desk is locked. But come—we'll go down and see about it."

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed, and the cabin was empty. The captain tried the desk—it was locked.

"You see, Mr. Brown," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken, the desk is locked."

I was positive—"Somebody may have picked the lock," I said.

"But they couldn't have closed it again," the captain suggested; "but to satisfy you, I will open it, and see if the contents are safe, though there is not much here to tempt a thief."

He opened the desk, and there—stretched right across it—was a sheet of paper, with the words "Steer N.W." written in an odd cramped hand.

The captain looked at the paper, and then handed it to me.

"You are right, Mr. Brown; somebody has been here. This is some hoax."

We sat there some time talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke—if joke it was meant to be. I tried to identify the back of the man I had seen at the desk with that of any of the crew. I could not do it. It is true I had at first taken the man for the captain, but now points of difference suggested themselves. I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still I was under the impression that the coat it had on was brown, and the hair, which appeared under the cap, seemed, as I remembered it, to have been longer and whiter than the captain's.

Not to appear to suspect any one in particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We had them up, one by one. We examined them, and made all those who could write, write "Steer N.W.," but we gained no clew. The mystery remained unsolved.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in his cabin. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. I tried to think of home, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again, but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was sitting with his face buried in his hands. At last, he suddenly looked up, and said,

"Suppose we alter her course to Northwest, Mr. Brown?"

I don't know what it was; I can not hope to make you understand the feeling in my mind that followed those words; it was a sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear frosty night, and as I looked at the compass before going below, I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands—at what, I can not say—I didn't know then, but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin, and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and looking up, said, abruptly,

"It can do no harm, Mr. Brown."

"If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think—"

"But then—we shall find ice. How's the wind?"

"Steady, north by east."

We sat down and finished our grog. I had the morning watch to keep next day. I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day. Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up into the tops with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed. The captain was as unquiet as myself. Something we expected to happen, but of what it was to be we could form no idea. The second officer, I believe, thought us both crazy; indeed, I often wondered, myself, at the state I was in. Evening came, and nothing had turned up. The night was bright, and the captain determined to carry on under easy sail till morning.

Morning came; and with the first gray light I was on deck. It was bitterly cold. Those only who have seen them can form an idea of the delicate tints of the morning sky in those Northern Seas. But I was in no humor to appreciate the beauties of nature. There was a mist low down on the horizon: I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could not be mistaken—beyond it I could see the shimmer of ice. I sent down to tell the captain, who came on deck directly.

"It is no use, Mr. Brown," he said; "you must put her about."

"Wait one moment," I said; "wait one moment, the mist is lifting more, it will be quite clear directly."

The mist was indeed lifting rapidly. Far to the North and West we could see the ice stretching away in one unbroken field. I was trying to see whether there appeared any break in the ice toward the West, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand, and pointing straight ahead with the other, exclaimed,

"My God! there is a ship there."

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice. We stood looking at it in silence. There was some meaning after all in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that suggested itself to me.

"She's nipped bad, Sir," said old Shiel, who, with the rest of the crew, was anxiously watching our new discovery. I was trying to make her out with the glass, when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by the report, proved that she had seen us. Up went the flag, Union downward. We needed no signal to know her distress. The captain ordered the second officer off into the boat. I watched him as he made his way over the ice with a few of the men toward the ship. They soon returned with eight of the ship's crew. It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have sawed their way out of the ice, but the ship was so injured that she could not have floated an hour. The largest of their boats had been stove in, the others were hardly sea-worthy. They were preparing, however, to take to them as a last resource when our welcome arrival put an end to their fears. Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin, and tried to think over the singular fate which had made us the preservers of this ship's crew. I could not divest myself of the idea that some supernatural agency was connected with that paper in the desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequences if we had neglected the warning. The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie. In a few seconds I was on deck.

I found the captain talking to a fine old sailor-like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Squires. Captain Squires shook hands with me, and we remained talking some time. I could not keep my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I had seen him somewhere, where I could not tell. Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clew, which vanished as soon as touched. At last he turned round to speak to some of his men. I could not be mistaken—there was the long white hair, the brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin!

That evening I and the captain told the story of the paper to Captain Squires, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too thankful for his escape out of such imminent peril to question the means by which it had been brought about. At the captain's request he wrote "Steer N.W." We compared it with the original writing. There could be no doubt of it. It was in the same odd, cramped hand.

Can any one solve the mystery?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 27, 1861.

By the President of the United States:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law:

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the Militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of **75,000**, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the force hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do, hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE WAR.

War is declared. President Lincoln's proclamation, which we publish above, is an absolute proclamation of war against the Gulf States. The die is now cast, and men must take their sides, and hold to them. No one who knows any thing of the Southern people supposes for a moment that, having gone so far as to bombard a United States fort and capture it, they will now succumb without a fight. No one who has seen the recent manifestations of popular sentiment in the North can doubt that the Northern blood is up, and that they will listen no more to talk of compromise, truce, or treaty, until they are fairly beaten.

Let us then forbear puling, and look the situation in the face. There are some among us still who whine about the evils of civil war. These are they who, with a burglar in their house, his hand on the throat of their wife or daughter, would quote texts on the loveliness of Christian forbearance and charity. Nobody—outside of lunatic asylums—doubts that civil war is an enormous calamity. On this point all are agreed. But as it has actually begun, and exists, what is the use of deprecating it? What should we think of a doctor who, summoned to visit a half-dying patient, should wring his hands hopelessly and bewail the malignancy of disease?

The United States Government has called into the field 75,000 militiamen, who, added to the regular force, will swell the effective army to nearly 90,000 men. It is understood that further calls are to be made upon the States, to the extent of 200,000 more. The plan, as understood by military officers, is to form three camps: one at the Federal capital, consisting of 50,000 men, who will constitute an army of observation on the Border States, and will be commanded by Lieutenant-General Scott in person; another of 75,000 men, which will be located in the vicinity of Cincinnati, with a view to an ultimate movement down the Mississippi; and a third, of over 100,000 men, which will be situated in the suburbs of New York. Rumor asserts that General Wool will command the New York army, and General Sumner the army on the Mississippi; but of these matters of course nothing is known. In the mean time, the navy will be occupied in closing the ports of the seceded States. It seems to be expected that by August next there will not be a port in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, which will not be hermetically sealed by United States ships of war.

This is the Government programme. On the other hand, the Seceders are gathering soldiers vigorously on their side. It is stated that at the siege of Sumter over 7000 men were engaged, and that, simultaneously, 5000 were on duty opposite Fort Pickens. Letters from Montgomery say that 32,000 additional men are being mustered for an attack on Washington. As the population of the eight seceded States, exclusive of negroes, is over 2,000,000, it should be possible for Mr. Davis to collect 100,000 able-bodied troops on one point. With such a force, secretly if not openly favored by the Border States, a very formidable movement might be made on Washington.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR.

In view of the momentous events which are impending, and of the actual outbreak of civil war, the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to draw public attention to the following list of engravings which have been published in this journal within the past few weeks, as evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they are redeeming their pledge to "give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event that occurs." Almost all of the illustrations of the Southern Forts have been made from drawings by United States Officers; and the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* take this opportunity of informing Officers in the Army and Navy serving in the South that they will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

Illustrations of the War.

Several Sketches of Major Anderson in Fort Moultrie.
The Entry into Fort Sumter.
The Occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charleston Troops.
Maps of the Charleston Harbor.
Profile View of the Same.
The Marine School at Charleston.
Fort Sumter, from Sullivan's Island.
The Custom-House and Powder Magazine at Charleston.
Fort Moultrie—Charleston in the Distance.
Portrait of Major Anderson, U. S. Army.
Portrait of Captain Foster, U. S. Army.
Portraits of Major Anderson's Command.
Portrait of Governor Pickens.
Portrait of Judge Magrath, Secretary of State.
Portrait of Secretary of War Jamieson.
Portrait of Rev. Dr. Bachman.
Portraits of the South Carolina Delegation in Congress.
The Washington Artillery of Charleston.
The Charleston Zouaves.
Fort Johnson, Charleston Harbor.
The "Star of the West."
The Prayer at Sumter.
Firing on the "Star of the West."
The Battery at Fort Moultrie bearing on Fort Sumter.
Dismantled Guns at Fort Moultrie.
Fort Sumter, seen from the Rear.
The Main Battery at Fort Sumter.
The Casemates at Fort Sumter.
The Sally-port at Fort Sumter.
The Gorge at Fort Sumter.
The Interior at Fort Sumter.
A ten-inch Columbiad at Fort Sumter.
Interior of the Sally-port at Fort Sumter.
Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter.
The Good-by of the U. S. Soldiers' Wives to Fort Sumter.
Major Anderson's Quarters at Fort Sumter.
An Embrasure—Outside and Inside—at Fort Sumter.
Bombardment of Fort Sumter.
Interior of Fort Sumter during the Bombardment.
Portrait of General Beauregard.
Swearing in the Volunteers at Washington, D. C.
The "Baltic" and "Illinois" shipping Troops for the South.
The City of Charleston.
Fort Moultrie, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Morris Island, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Fort Johnson, as seen from Fort Sumter.
The Iron-clad Battery on Cummings's Point, as seen from Fort Sumter.
Fort Pickens, Pensacola, looking Seaward.
Portrait of Lieutenant Slemmer.
Portrait of Lieutenant Gilman.
Front View of Fort Pickens, showing the Sally-port.
The Flag-staff Bastion at Fort Pickens.
The Salute on 22d February at Fort Pickens.
The Boat-house and Landing at Fort Pickens.
One of the Flank Casemate Batteries at Fort Pickens.
The Confederate Batteries against Fort Pickens.
Sea Battery at Fort Monroe, Virginia.
Interior of Sea Battery at Fort Monroe.
Testing the Big Columbiad at Fort Monroe.
The Rip-Raps.
Ships in the Norfolk Navy-yard.
Fort Jefferson, Tortugas.
Fort Taylor, Key West.
Fort Smith, Arkansas.
United States Arsenal at Little Rock, Arkansas.
The Navy-yard at Norfolk.
The Navy-yard at Washington.
Fort Wachita, Texas.
Fort Arbuckle, Texas.
Fort Davis, Texas.
Fort Brown, Texas.
Fort Lancaster, Texas.
Point Isabel, Texas.
The Alama, San Antonio, Texas.
Surrender of General Twiggs, at San Antonio, Texas.
The Washington Arsenal.
Fort on Craney Island.
Fort Norfolk.
Fort Washington.
The Richmond Armory.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that they have made the most extensive arrangements for the illustration of future movements at the South, and that the public may rely upon finding in *Harper's Weekly* an accurate and reliable picture of every scene of interest to which occurrences may direct attention.

The increasing circulation of *Harper's Weekly* renders it a most desirable advertising medium.

THE LOUNGER.

CIVIL WAR.

Pure lounging is rather hard work in times like these. Every man's interest in every hour's news is so intense that it is hard to escape the eagerness which is incompatible with true lounging. When your military neighbor may march at any moment to battle, and when you may march side by side with your military neighbor, the moment is so serious that you can not help moving and thinking a little more rapidly and energetically than is the wont of loungers.

The grave events of the last few days will make every thoughtful citizen feel how unstable, even in the most enlightened and prosperous countries, are the foundations of public order. The Government, of all the governments upon the globe, which has done most, and which promises most for human liberty and the general welfare, has passed through a shock so tremendous that, whatever the immediate result, the consequences are incalculable.

Those who have taken up arms against the Government claim that there is no rebellion or revolution. They have insisted from the beginning that they were merely resuming rights with which they had never absolutely parted. And it was necessary for them to take this ground, because revolutions can be justified only by extreme peril to rights and liberties, and the discontented citizens have forborne to make any such charge. The conviction that at some future time their rights might be in danger is the reason proffered to the world for the resumption of what are claimed to be powers still at their rightful disposal.

Whether it be called a revolution or not, however, is of no practical importance now. No Government, not even that of the disaffected States in this country, can recognize more than two ways of changing the fundamental law: one according to the original agreement, the other by revolution. Unless, therefore, the Government of the United States, unquestionably elected according to the very letter of the Constitution, had formally submitted to its own dissolution, it could regard the action of the disaffected citizens only as revolution. In pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, the operation of which must continue or the country would fall into anarchy, the only solution of the difficulty was a Convention of all the States, in order to legalize the action which so large a number of citizens seemed to desire. For nobody supposes that the people of this country at large wish to enforce a political union with those who do not wish it; and in a Convention, in which the unanimous voice of any considerable part of the country should be for a separation of political interests, that separation would doubtless be legalized or the desire removed.

If, as is constantly asserted by some, the Union is actually and at heart dissolved, that fact would have appeared in a Convention, and the dissolution would have been peaceably achieved. But when the disaffected complain that they are not permitted to withdraw peaceably, they forget that there can be but one way of acting peaceably, and that is lawfully. And whoever chooses not to act lawfully, necessarily breaks the peace and appeals to force. Even if there are great injuries, if rights are denied, if liberties are constrained, every legal and peaceful remedy must be exhausted before the appeal to force can be justified. Whoever takes up the sword, while yet the law and peaceful redress are untried, perils the welfare of society upon his own mad whim, and if he falls by the sword falls unlamented.

The Constitution of the United States declares for what high and humane purposes it was established. Under that Constitution the people of this country have attained a height of general well-being unprecedented in history. Under that Constitution there have been many parties, each naturally claiming to interpret it more truly than all the others. Under that Constitution, also, the people, who are necessarily the final judge, have decided, according to its provisions, now for the policy of one party, now of another. But hitherto the contest has ended with that decision, because the remedy of a false choice, if it had been made, was, by the provisions of the same instrument, so peaceful, so instant, and so complete. At length, however, that decision is not respected—that peaceful and complete remedy is not invoked; and a mortal blow is aimed at the very existence of that Government—the best that human reason has established. Which brother's hand is guilty in the sight of God—that which is raised to strike the wisest, most indulgent, most venerable of mothers, or that which is raised to defend the hallowed form to the last?

MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.

Two or three weeks ago we were speaking of Macaulay's last volume, which had just appeared. Since then many of us have read it, and those who have not, have what is classically called a great treat in store. It is, indeed, a work of consummate literary skill; and as it is not very long, the characteristics of Macaulay as a historian can be most conveniently studied in it.

The work contains only two hundred and thirty-nine pages in the large duodecimo edition, and of that about two hundred and thirty-four were revised by the author. It covers altogether a period of not quite five years—the close of the reign of William—during which there were no great military movements, nor any very memorable events, and yet the story is so fascinating that you can not come to the last page without the same kind of regret with which, as a boy, you turn the last page of "Ivanhoe" or the "Talisman."

Macaulay has arranged a series of pictures. It is the history of England told as by a literary tapestry. The opening of the book whets the appetite. "The rejoicings by which London on the second of December, 1697, celebrated the return of peace and prosperity, continued till long after midnight. On the following morning the Parliament met, and one of the most laborious sessions of that age commenced." Here is a suggestion of picturesque detail; London illuminated, bonfires and fireworks in the streets; flushed crowds of revelers; the dawn of peace and a universal sense of joy. The few words summon the aspect of the times and scene, as well as state them. Then follows the account of the debate upon the standing army, vivid and interesting, peculiarly so to us at this moment; the debate upon the crown grants of land, apparently a dry subject, but made intelligible and entertaining; the triumph of Montague over the old India Company; the episodes of the burning of Whitehall and the visit of Peter the Great. Then the historian with a few strong strokes sketches the outline of the whole Spanish succession question, which embroiled Europe at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Here he comes upon the same ground which Carlyle treads at a somewhat later point, in the introduction to his "Frederick the Great." Interwoven with this are the glimpses of the mock court of the mock King James at St. Germains, and a more humane and generous view of Louis Fourteenth than we have lately had. A view of the condition of the country after the general election of 1798 gives Macaulay an opportunity to touch in some of the detail which makes history in general so human, and his in particular so attractive. William's quarrel with Parliament about the retirement of his Dutch troops and his resolution to relinquish the crown bring his personal character into touching relief. The story of the Darien project is one of the most characteristic and interesting passages in all Macaulay's writings. The account of the pirate Kidd is as detailed as the scope of the history would possibly allow; but like all the rest it is told with graphic power. A little beyond this there is a break in the manuscript. Then follow two fragments, the death of James Second, which seems to have been revised and completed, and the death of William, which is the last unfinished sketch of Macaulay.

The central figure in the book is the King himself. He was a Whig, and Macaulay was a Whig, and the portraiture does not suffer in his hands. Macaulay's thinking and reading had persuaded him that the Whig policy was the best for England The result is obvious. He views every Whig measure with sympathy, every other with doubt or aversion. Yet he does not praise indiscriminately. When William made a blunder, his biographer frankly confesses and explains it. The King, in this volume, is sagacious in council, faithful to the state, and tenderly affectionate to his friends. The private sadness that doth hedge a king is intimated, not expressed, but it is felt throughout.

Other figures cross the pages: The finest of them is the great Lord Somers. Portland, Albemarle, Montague, Burnet, Cowper, Tankerville, James Second, Lewis, Paterson, and Kidd are grouped with him. The interest of the reader is at the height when suddenly the curtain falls, and the figures disappear. Macaulay opens his history with the stately and familiar words: "I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." He lived to complete nearly five volumes, and the history ends with the death of the King with whom he proposed to begin. The work is added to the famous fragments. Its exhaustive research, its stately, skillful, and fascinating narrative, and its brilliant portraiture, are very sure to make it the familiar history of England for many and many a year.

THE STRONG ARM.

WE pride ourselves upon our age, upon the march of mind, upon the era of peace and good-will. How few of us who studied about the Deerfield massacre, and the Schenectady slaughter, or later, of the battles of Lexington and Saratoga, or still later, of the battles of North Point and the British march on Washington, supposed that in our day we should see or hear any thing to remind us of those scenes? It is so natural to believe in peace, to suppose that state affairs can be arranged as placidly as the spring work of the garden or the family details of the household.

Still, no one will quarrel with the necessary and honest defense of that household. It may be a sad thing that assassins should raise their hands to strike the bosom of innocence; but if they do so, the instinct to defend is quite as deep as the instinct of peace. We laugh at the story of the Quaker who told his opponent, "Friend, I will not kill thee, but I will hold thy head under water until the breath departs from thy body." And yet the story covers more than a joke. "Friend," the Quaker says, "I will not lose my temper, nor hurt thee vindictively; but I will take good care that thou shalt do no more mischief." If the doctrine of peace were literally interpreted as pure non-resistance, human experience seems to prove that civilization would not advance very rapidly. If all the great heroes whose lives and acts mark the great epochs of human progress had quietly submitted to be crushed by the strong hand of the enemy, the world would have had small reason to thank them. The tongues of James Otis and Patrick Henry might inspire the Revolution, but it could be successfully wrought out only by the swords of George Washington and Nathaniel Greene.

Yet the moment that work was accomplished, the very men who had been the workers were first to propose that, in the new system of government, the appeal to force should be made the last possible resort. Our Constitution carefully removes the military force from the Executive hand until it is essential that it should be used. It is screened from approach until it is clear that only force can right the wrong, and then it may be put forth with a fullness so overwhelming that resistance is vain. If a leader would have peace with peace-breakers he must dictate at the head of an army. The secret of military success, said Napoleon, is to have twice as many men upon a point as are necessary to carry it. "You needn't fire, Captain Scott," said the wise old coon, "I will come down."

OFFICE-SEEKING.

IF you stroll into the great Temple of Commerce at the corner of Wall and Broad streets about three o'clock in the afternoon, you will see a levee such as we may fancy the levees of old John Law, of the South Sea scheme, or Darien Paterson to have been. A crowd of earnest, anxious petitioners surrounding one man, whose manner is calm, courteous, and genial, kindly listening to every impossible appeal and wishing to gratify every ardent hope. A throng of applicants pressing firmly forward, each one politely impatient of every other, and secretly rejoiced when the eyes of the host of this strange levee fall inquiringly in turn upon the next comer. The ceremony is the same in every instance: a few rapid, excited words upon the part of the speaker; a nervous offering of a petition; a quiet remark and attentive nod in reply, and then the petition is handed to a clerk to register and the applicant is supplanted, he does not know exactly how, unless he has crushed into the opera on some Jenny Lind night in London.

It is a scene in that famous drama of office-seeking of which we have heard so much. There are spectators in the gallery to enjoy the play, and every body finds it amusing, probably, except the players.

Long habit has made it a part of our system; but no man can be glad of it; no man, except he who wishes an office, would seriously object to the rule that all removals should be for cause. Under the system, indeed, the very fact that a man holds an office may be *a priori* sufficient reason for his removal, because it may be proof that he has been unfaithful to the country in his subserviency to a party. And the inevitable tendency of the system is to make every office-holder not a patriot but a partisan. His interest is in the preservation of his party, not in the protection of his Government; and instead of being *ex-officio* a friend of the country at large, he may easily be *ex-officio* its enemy.

When, therefore, the present excitement dies away, there can be little doubt that there will be a strong movement toward the permanent tenure of clerical offices. Naturally, as the policy of the Government changes, the chief administrators will change. But the subordinates, who simply execute a policy in detail, will execute it a hundred-fold better if they have the advantage of long experience. The tendency in a Government like ours is to unnecessary excitement: and we are wise in the degree that we learn how to lessen it and prevent it.

Rome was not built in a day, and we need not expect our Government to be perfect until we have found where the points of friction are, and have relieved them.

THE SEVENTH.

LEAPED to their feet a thousand men,
Their voices echoing far and near:
"We go, we care not where nor when;
Our country calls us, we are here!"

Who talks of playing soldier now?
Who flings the dandy in their teeth,
As the blood flushes o'er each brow
From fearless hearts that beat beneath?

Down the long street the column pours,
With shining ranks and measured tread;
While rings along the island shores
A shout that might awake the dead.

From women's lips and bearded men
A million blessings fall in showers:
"They go, they care not where or when;
God bless the Seventh, they are ours!"

NEW YORK, FRIDAY EVENING, *April* 19.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

JIGS FOR GENTS.—A fellow actually advertises *Yelverton Waltzes*. A Yelverton waltz, we suppose, is a *valse à deux dames*. We have not even heard these waltzes, and therefore are unable to say if the vileness of the music corresponds to the offensiveness of their title. Of course we have not seen them danced, because, to do that, we should have had to mingle with the most awful of snobs, and descend into the most horrible abysses of disgusting blackguardism.

THE *RETURN* OF THE PRODIGAL.—Evil for Good.

THE POLICEMAN'S BEAT.—By the Volunteers. They have not the slightest chance against them. The poor fellows are getting quite thin.

DIGGING FOR MEDICAL ROOTS.—What is hypocrite derived from? We are not classical enough to say, and have no time to write to Dean Trench, but we should say that it came originally from Hippocrates, and means one who is a quack, who prescribes falsely, and deals in deleterious things. Such a man is a hypocrite, as contradistinguished from a true disciple of Hippocrates, or one who is a genuine professor of the healing Truth.

AN IMPERIAL ENRAGED MUSICIAN.—The Emperor of Austria would not mind Kossuth's striking false notes, if they were not likely to create discord in Hungary.

THE SOUREST KIND OF ACID.—The Ascetic Acid.

Punch says that he sees there has been a book published called "The Republic of Fools." For fear there should be any misapprehension on the other side of the water, he begs most distinctly to state, that the work in question does not bear the remotest allusion to America, notwithstanding the very great fools that his cousins in that mighty Republic have been lately making of themselves in falling out and quarreling, when, as their very name tells them, all the States should be United.

AND QUITE RIGHT TOO.—What makes Cavour cry out so loudly for Rome? Why, don't you see, he has a double object—one for himself, and one for Italy. Rome is the centre of his thoughts, because he is anxious to make "political Capital" out of it.

A QUESTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.—When Peace is *concluded*, is War commenced?

THE SOCIAL NUISANCE.—Ladies' dresses now expand to such a circumference that an evening party, even without a supper, may be described as a "spread."

RATHER PUNGENT.

"Now, my dear, I must insist upon it," said the President of the *Female Anti-Tobacco League*, in her angriest mood, to her unfortunate husband, "do put down that filthy snuff-box of yours. You're eternally using it. Why, I declare this composite candle is better a thousand times than your nose."

"Why, my darling?" said the husband, coolly helping himself to another pinch.

"Because, Sir, it requires no snuffing," was the wife's indignant reply, as she sailed out of the room, vehemently banging the door after her, to express her disgust.—N.B. A woman in a rage always bangs the door.

THE POPE'S LAST.

Some years ago a drama was produced at Drury Lane, in which Mr. Anderson, acting as a Red Indian, made a great sensation by repeating expressions of violent hatred and contempt for "Civilization!" The Pope has just published an Allocution, wherein he appears to have taken a leaf out of the book of the author of the drama which Mr. Anderson used to distinguish himself in. His Holiness, in several places, denounces "Contemporary Civilization!" which, he says, "has given rise to many facts never to be sufficiently deplored." The most deplorable of these facts, of course, is the determination of the Roman States to exchange constitutional government for Popery. Let his Holiness and the Cardinals put on their war-paint, dance their war-dance, brandish their tomahawks, and shout their war-whoop against "Contemporary Civilization!"

Horne Tooke's advice to a young friend desirous of venturing upon matrimony was, "Look carefully round among the whole circle of your friends, and choose the nicest girl you can find. Make sure that her fortune is good, her connections unexceptionable, and her personal qualities entirely to your liking. When the happy day arrives, and the bridal party are on their way to the altar, mount the swiftest horse you can procure, and ride off in an opposite direction."

A gentleman employing a porter named Russell, asked him, jocularly, "Pray, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's (the house of Russell)?" "Our arms," answered the porter, "are, I suppose, pretty much alike, but there is a great difference in our coats."

Upon a certain time an orator, who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike-road, made the following sublime speech: "May it please your worship, while Europe is convulsed with civil discords, and her empire trembles with internal commotions, and while her astronomers mount the wings of their imagination, and soar through the ethereal world, pursuing their course from star to star and system to system, until they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct attention to a road more immediately in our neighborhood."

DEMISE OF A MUMMY.—An honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders of the British Museum, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of his friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance.

"No admission to-day," said the keeper.

"No admission to-day? But I must come in; I've a holiday on purpose."

"No matter, this is a close day, and the Museum is shut."

"What," said John, "ain't this public property?"

"Yes; but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we're going to bury him."

"Oh, in that case we won't int[illegible]aid John, and so he retired.

HOW TO RISE EARLY IN THE MORNING.—"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow.

"Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a pitcherful on him.

The memory should be a store-house, not a lumber-room.

Tears are nature's lotion for the eyes. The eyes see better for being washed with them.

It is a glorious thing to resist temptations; but it is a safe thing to avoid them.

A Scot and an Irishman threshing for a Dutch farmer in America, the former observed to the latter, that in the course of a long residence in this country he had remarked the uncommon docility of the horses; that among many instances of their tractability, he had actually seen them employed in threshing out wheat. "Arrah, my jewel," cried Pat, "I'm half a dozen years too ripe to belave that." The Scot persisted that what he said was true. And Pat, staggered at length by his serious and repeated assertions, exclaimed, in tones of wonder, "And how do they hould the flails?"

UNINTENTIONAL JOKE.—One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said one gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." At this moment the Doctor (who was quite deaf) rose and gave the company grace, "For this and every *other mercy*, the Lord's name be praised." This ludicrous combination was not intended by the Doctor, and was the more ludicrous on that account, because the objects to be connected were all the further removed.

A NEW VIEW OF NIAGARA.—An Irishman of the better class, who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara, arrived at the Falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman with, "And is this Niagara Falls?"—"Yes," was the reply. "And what is there here to make such a bother about?" asked Pat. "Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see that mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" Pat looked at the water, and replied, hesitatingly, "An' what's to hinder it?"

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she can not withstand his ardent glances.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell "hostility." "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not horse-tility," said the teacher, "but hos-tility."—"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say hoss! Be jabers, it's one thing wid ye one day and another the nixt."

A Dutchman the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to the dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Dey must have werry hot wedder dere. I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away."

RAISING THE WIND.—The last specimen of effecting this desirable object that we have heard of lately was the case of a young officer in India, who, finding the "governor" deaf to all applications, persuaded a comrade to write to the old gentleman, informing him that his son was dead, and £100 was wanted for funeral expenses. The money was sent, and duly acknowledged by the dutiful son.

A Dublin journal observes that a handbill announcement of a political meeting in that city, states, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are cordially invited to attend."

HOW TO MEET A BANKRUPT.—Take no note of him.

THE SKELETON IN EVERY MARRIED MAN'S HOUSE.—His wife's skirt.

By the ancient law of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

A man was heard to mutter, as King Louis XVIII. passed at Versailles, "Go, fat pig," and was immediately arrested. "Fool!" said the fat sovereign to the officer, "who has given you the right to think that such words could be addressed to me?"

BOOTS OF A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.—An advertisement says: "Wanted a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

MATRIMONIAL.

One more unfortunate, lonely and troubled,
Rashly importunate, went and got doubled.

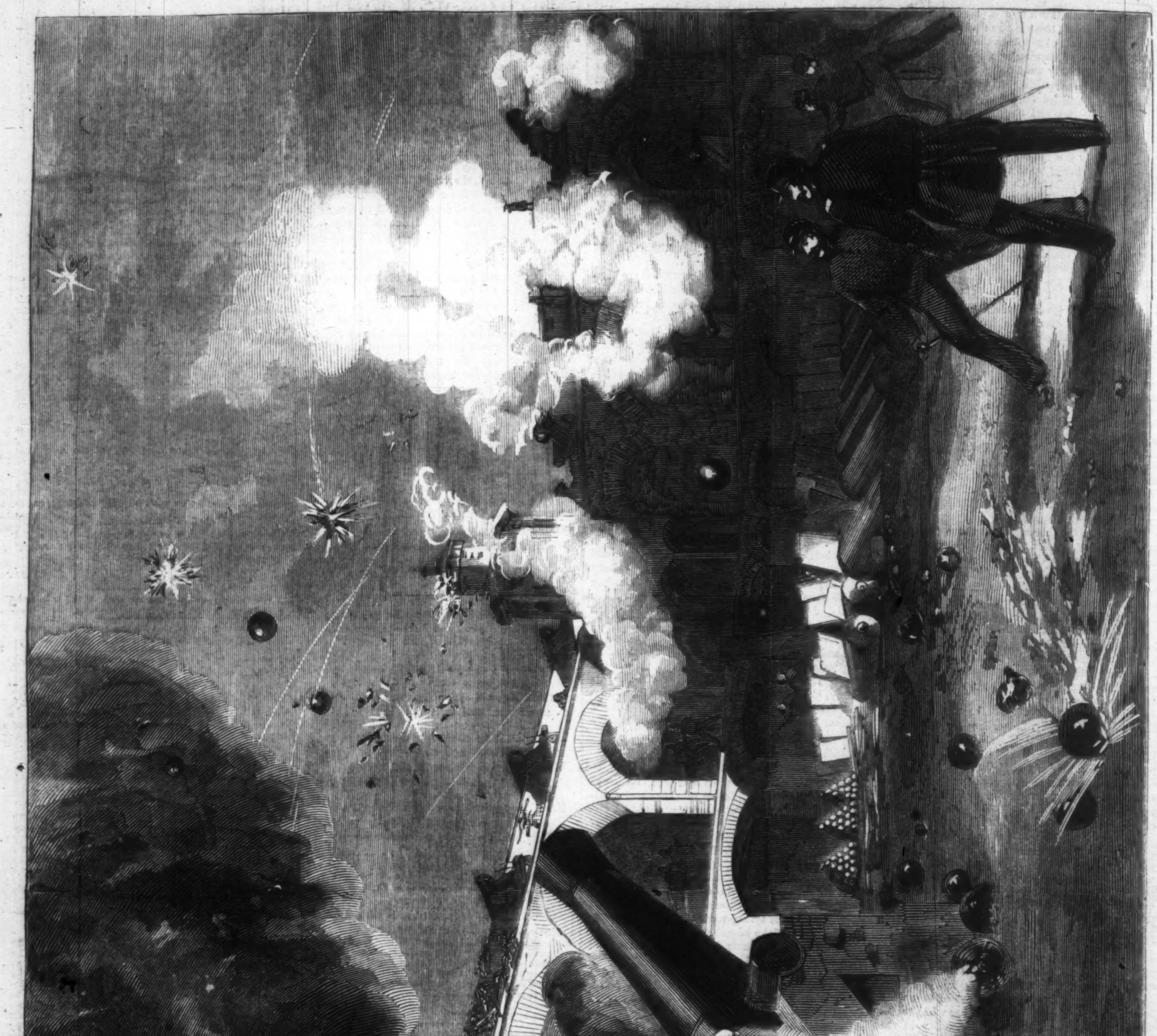
"Halloo," said a farmer to a rustic who was crossing a turnip-field, "did you not read the board at the gate?"

"Yes," was the reply, "you are not to trespass; which makes me wonder to see you here."

Sometimes society gets tired of a man, and hangs him. Sometimes a man gets tired of society, and hangs himself.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.



THE INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[See Page 257.]

MAP OF CHARLESTON HARBOR, SHOWING FORT SUMTER AND THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES.—[SEE PAGE 257.]

THE GREAT HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

I HAD no one to counsel me, and my trial was bitter. I had idolized my mother, and she had been dead only three years. It seemed such a little while to me! I had not even yet grown accustomed to her absence. Not unfrequently, when I came in, I ran with thoughtless feet to the door of the room where she always used to sit, and called "Mother!" before I remembered that there was none to answer. The sound of her voice stole often—was it from out of the grave?—to my ears. I could see, looking toward her chair in twilight, the sweet, patient face which slow disease had made so pale; the white, calm forehead, with the soft hair brushed away from the throbbing temples.

Short as the years had seemed to me, they had been long enough for my father to woo and win another bride. I was waiting for her home-coming now.

Had he forgotten—could he have forgotten—the old love and the old vows? Oh, how bitter my heart grew as I thought about it! My mother had been the wife of his youth; his first love, whom he wooed with a boy's tremulous tenderness. I had found in her desk, since her death, some of his early letters. What vows were in them! What words, whose strength and fire leaped over the years between and thrilled my heart with something of the glow they must have brought to that of their girl-reader! Were they mere words, then? Had the soul in them died with the dead years? It seemed so, for the husband of Margaret Raymond was bringing home another bride.

I had heard that this new wife was handsome and wealthy; I supposed she would be proud and fashionable also. If I had not hated scandal so intensely, and scorned to give my neighbors a theme of conversation in the disagreement between Squire Ellingwood and his daughter, I would have gone out of the house with the slender fortune I had inherited from my dead mother, instead of remaining to see a stranger in that mother's place. But I despised gossip, and was too proud to endure pity; therefore I staid in my father's house, and waited for the home-coming of his second wife with a slow hatred kindling in my heart. I professed to be a Christian, but I did not realize to what unchristian tempers I was giving room. I even flattered myself that I was wonderfully good and self-sacrificing, because I refrained from open rebellion, and especially because I had omitted no outward sign of respect. I had adorned the house with flowers—regal autumn blossoms—for it was already the first of October. I had a bright fire kindled in the open grate of the dining-room, and I had ordered a sumptuous dinner. Moreover, I had put on my gala robes, as for a festival. Shiny silk, glistening lace, rose and fell with the beatings of my bitter, scornful heart.

I heard the carriage at last, and went to the door. My father was helping out a slight, veiled figure. In his care for her he seemed scarcely to see me at first; but he gave me a kiss, tender though hasty, as he came up the steps.

"She is very tired, Madge," he said. "Can you show her to her room at once?"

I offered the stranger my hand, but I hardly knew how to address her. Call her mother I would not, and I hesitated to wound my father by saying Madame or Mrs. Ellingwood; so I compromised the matter by giving her no title at all.

"Your room is ready," I said, as I took her hand. "I think you will find every thing comfortable. I am sorry you are so fatigued."

I walked before her up stairs, and threw open the door of her room—the very room where my mother had died. In giving her this chamber I had taken a certain grim satisfaction. I thought a dead face would come between those young lips and my father's—that the love-words he strove to speak would grow cold with the chill of the grave. She looked in as I opened the door. I suppose it seemed pleasant to her, who did not know what ghost haunted it. The fire was bright on the hearth. Vases of deep-colored Bohemian glass, full of the vivid autumn flowers, stood on the white-marble tops of the furniture. The bed was white, and the carpet crimson. The general blending of snow and fire was very pretty.

"How inviting it looks, and how kind you have been!" she said, in her low, lady-like voice, putting away her veil, and looking at me with a wistful expression in her great, innocent, brown eyes.

"Shall I stay to help you?" I asked, coldly.

Her eyes turned slowly and sadly away from my face.

"No, thank you. If you will have my trunks brought up I shall do very well."

I went down, gave the necessary order, and then sought my father in the drawing-room.

"Is Gertrude alone, Madge?" he asked, as I entered.

"Yes, Sir, she preferred to be."

I went and stood beside him, and he put his arm round my waist with all his old fondness.

"Nothing can ever come between us, Madge. No one can ever take your place in my heart, or your dear mother's either. Believe that, darling. I have not sought Gertrude because my first love had grown dim; but when your mother died it left a void in my heart and my home which I thank God for filling so worthily."

Soon he went out, to go up stairs I knew, to make up to her by his warmth and tenderness for whatever coldness she might have perceived in my greeting. How bitter and resentful I felt! It seemed only an aggravation of the wrong I thought he had done me for him to treat me with tenderness now, above all, for him to speak of his unchanged love for my mother.

When the bell rang they came down together—my father and his young wife, and for the first time I had an opportunity of deciding on her pretensions to beauty. Prejudiced against her as I was, I could but confess that she was very charming. A slender, yet perfectly formed little lady, with exquisite feet and hands, and motions so graceful that you would have known, by simply walking behind her, how refined a woman she was. Her face was peculiar yet beautiful. Except in her lips, which were bright crimson, she had not a particle of color; yet there was a kind of glow, such as a lamp imparts to the vase it shines through—a revelation of her soul. Her large, dark eyes were full of tenderness. Her hair was braided simply behind her ears, but no other style could have been so becoming to her small, elegantly shaped head. Her dress was precisely what was fitting for a lady who not only was Squire Ellingwood's wife, but who had a fortune of her own—rich and handsome, yet matronly; a brown satin with sleeves and collar of point lace. Predisposed as I was to condemn her, I saw nothing with which it was possible to find fault. She took her seat at the head of the table, when my father led her to it, not ostentatiously, but with the quiet dignity of the future mistress. The dinner seemed insufferably long and tedious to me, but it was over at last and we returned to the drawing-room.

We sat there together, we three, before the bright fire, while the day went slowly down the hills. Her low seat was near my father's, so near that once or twice he reached over and laid his hand on her small white one, whereon, kindled by the fire-light, the diamonds flashed like sparkles of flame. We did not talk much. I suppose I was a restraint on them, for they both had natures fine and sensitive enough to feel the unexpressed antagonism of mine. At length my father rose.

"Are you too tired to go out of doors, Gertrude? The grounds are beautiful just at sunset."

How sunny and childlike the smile was which sprang to her lips, as she answered that she was quite rested now and would go for her shawl! I did not wonder that he drew her a little nearer to him, and held her a moment before he released her.

"You too, Madge," he said, turning to me. "Get your bonnet, and come with us."

"No, I thank you"—I tried to speak gayly—"you are too well provided with company to make it necessary for me also to run the risk of taking cold."

He sighed. I think my manner wounded him a little; but he said nothing, and his face cleared when his Gertrude came down the stairs.

Soon they went away together, and I stood at the drawing-room window watching them. He was a tall, noble-looking man in the prime of life, a little past forty. His carriage was stately and dignified, but his head was bent very tenderly down to the little creature clinging to his arm, with her warm, bright shawl folded round her, and the light straw-hat resting on her brown braids.

"All men are alike, even the best of them," I said, bitterly, as I looked. "Not one of them can remain faithful to the dead. What do they care for lips no longer ripe for kisses—for a brow on which the dust of the grave has settled? The first pretty face enslaves them. A slender foot, an airy step, is enough to rivet their chains. It is idle to blame *him*. He but follows the law of his nature. But there is no excuse for her. Does she disbelieve in the immortality of the soul, that she is ready to rob a dead woman of her love and her husband? She has not even the excuse of being honestly in love It is not natural she should care for a man more than twenty years her senior. She wanted to be Mrs Ellingwood—that was all. Much good may her name do her!"

I went up stairs and looked into their room. Already it bore marks of her occupancy. A handsome morning-dress hung over a chair, some tasteful trifles strewed the bureau. I sank upon my knees, and took solemnly upon me a vow.

"Mother!" I cried—"mother up in heaven! all else that is earthly may fail you—she may take your place in your husband's heart, at your board, beside your hearth, in your very bridal chamber—she shall never win your daughter's love!"

Time passed on, and young Mrs. Ellingwood, as she was called, became almost the idol of the village. She won all hearts, from her equals, who were charmed with such an addition to their circle, to the rheumatic old widows, to whom she dispensed flannel and smiles, tea and sympathy. As for my father, it seemed to me that her hold on him grew every day stronger. And yet he was growing old strangely. Now and then he had sudden and terrible attacks of illness, which I did not understand. At such times he always chose to have her with him; and for days after she would move about the house with sad, white face, and eyes which seemed darkened with some unspoken grief. I should have pitied her, even her, could I have believed that she loved him; but I never admitted to myself the possibility of that.

He changed much in these months of suffering. He had been stern sometimes; now he grew singularly, almost pitifully, gentle. He was very tender to me, and no word or look ever bore witness that he had noticed my coldness toward his wife. If I had blamed him, I reproached myself for it now. He was all I had on earth, and my heart yearned over him with an unutterable fondness.

One night—it was again October, just about a year after their marriage—I was roused at midnight by a step. I sprang up and looked toward the door. Just within it stood my step-mother. It was the first time she had ever entered my room. She held a lamp in her hand, and its rays streamed over her pallid face, as white almost as the dressing-gown she wore.

"Madge, dear Madge," she said, in a kind of awe-struck whisper, "hurry and dress yourself. I fear your father is dying. He has been subject for some time to severe attacks of heart disease; but he would not let you know it, because he wished to save you as long as possible from anxiety and suffering. He is worse now than I have ever seen him. Robert is gone for the doctor."

She had lighted my lamp as she spoke, and she went out of the room before I had collected my faculties sufficiently to answer her. Even in this bitter hour, when the father I had loved with such passionate tenderness lay dying, I found space in my heart for hatred and anger against her. Why had she not told me before? What right had she to keep the knowledge of his danger from me, his child?

I had no hope of his recovery for a single moment. I had heard of spirit-summonings which the mortal to whom they were sent had no power to gainsay or resist. A wild fancy took possession of me that so my mother, lonely in the land of strangers, had summoned him. I felt that the might of her soul would conquer. She would reclaim from the clasp of the living her lost bridegroom. Would he be willing to go?

I hurried down stairs. My father was leaning back in an easy chair. His face was ghastly with suffering, but he was still able to speak to me.

"Come hither, Madge, darling," he said, as he motioned to the place at his feet where his wife was kneeling.

I knelt down beside her—how could I help it then?—and his hands fell upon our two heads.

"You are all I have on earth," he gasped, "you two. For my sake you must love each other. Promise me that till one of you shall go forth as some good man's wife you will live together in this house where I shall leave you. Do you promise, Gertrude?"

Her head was not lifted, but her words came low and firm through her tears—"I do."

"And you, Madge? Promise quickly, if you would have me die in peace. Let me believe that this roof will be your safe shelter—Gertrude your companion."

Thus adjured, what could I answer? The struggle in my heart was fierce, but it was short. I hated her; I did not want to live with her; but I could not vex the soul pausing on the threshold of eternity for my answer.

"I promise, father," I said, solemnly.

For one moment his eye kindled with a brief, glad gleam. Then again his features were contorted with the terrible anguish of dissolution, and it was some time before he found voice to say—

"I shall not be lonely in the land whence my summons comes. Margaret, my youth's love, waits for me. You will come, by-and-by, Gertrude. They neither marry there nor are given in marriage, and we shall all love each other. You have made one year of my life very happy."

Again the sudden, choking pause—the deathly agony oversweeping the noble face—then a moan, a shiver, a blessing whispered so faintly we could hardly catch its meaning, and then the last breath fluttered on the stiffening lips, and at the very moment when the physician we had summoned opened the outer door the soul had passed the opened portals of eternity. I had no father—Gertrude no husband.

For the next week I did not know what went on around me. I believe I was bewildered by my grief. I heard, as one in a dream, some talk of the body being kept in the house for an unusual length of time. Some one said, in my hearing, that Mrs. Ellingwood had insisted upon this. Perhaps she cherished some idle hope that he would come back again to life—to her. I did not, for one moment. I knew, and in all the stupor of my grief I held fast to that one thought, that he had gone to my mother. Had he not himself, when he was dying, spoken of his summons and said he was going to her?

It was all over at last. The long, slow days, when the dead lay in the house, were ended, and they bore the still figure forth to the burial. I believe the first sound that shook me from my apathy was the earth falling on my father's coffin. I roused myself to see where they had laid him, by my mother's side, with the same willow-tree bending and whispering over both. Gertrude Ellingwood stood by the grave, her hands locked hard together, and no tears on her white, still face.

When the last prayer was said we went back, she and I, into the home that we were to share; and there, in the room whence my father had been borne, his will was read. Our house, with all the furniture, equipages, and every thing thereto belonging, was bequeathed jointly to us, to be our home while we both remained single; and in case of either of us marrying to revert to the other. A portion of his property was placed in trust, with the stipulation that its income should be used to maintain our household on its accustomed scale of expenditure. All the rest of his large fortune was bestowed, without reservation or condition, on his "beloved daughter, Margaret Raymond Ellingwood." One clause in the document set forth his true love and high esteem for his faithful wife, Gertrude, and explained that it was at her urgent request that no portion of his estate had been bestowed on her, beyond her share in the home where he desired her to remain.

I was certainly puzzled at this. I could not close my eyes to the generosity and delicacy of my step-mother. At least she had not been mercenary in her marriage; perhaps—the thought crossed my reluctant mind—perhaps she *had* truly loved him. To banish it I recalled the disparity of their ages, and looked again at her young face, white and still, but without a single trace of tears.

My temperament is vehement, and my grief was frantic. It was months before I even attempted any pursuit which could possibly divert my mind from its one idea. My step-mother's course was different. From the very first she went quietly about her accustomed duties. After the funeral was over not one person who had been used to look to her for assistance was disappointed. She remembered, even, that Widow Sykes wanted black tea, and Widow May preferred green. She was always in her place. Her face, if pale, was calm. She never uttered one word of complaint. "Heartless! A mere stone statue of a woman," I whispered to myself as I looked at her. "Her mourning becomes her. She will not have long to wait before she finds a sufficient consolation."

The first year after my father's death brought us no nearer to each other. I had recovered from the earliest bitterness of my grief, and had begun to interest myself again in my accustomed sources of enjoyment. From the first, as I have said, my step-mother had taken upon herself all her accustomed cares and duties, and I saw no change in her as time passed on. She had, of course, withdrawn from the society of all save those who were dependent on her kindness, and while I was beginning to recall to my side my old friends, she manifested no disposition to emerge from her voluntary retirement. Had she not been so uniformly cheerful I should have believed that she suffered. At all events I saw no trace as yet of any desire to attract admiration—no coming shadow, though I had often wished for one, of the cavalier who should charm away my young step-mother, and thus leave me sole mistress of my inherited home.

I went home one afternoon in the late autumn. I had been nutting. I think I must have looked like a wandering gipsy, as I marched into the drawing-room; my red cloak hanging on my arm, my hat swinging in my hand, and my black hair blown all about my face. I walked up to the glowing fire, and a gentleman rose from the depths of an easy chair and confronted me. Was this Mrs. Ellingwood's Sir Launcelot?

He made me a very deferential bow; but I was sure that a smile at my odd appearance was twinkling in his pleasant blue eyes. He was a handsome man, in a style which, being a dark woman, and, of course, inclined to my antipodes, I fully appreciated. His slender, yet tall and well-knit figure; his clear, Saxon complexion; his full, brown beard; thick light hair; regular, yet mobile features, combined with an expression which bespoke both gentleness and power, made a very pleasing whole, and I said to myself, "At least my step-mother's taste is far from bad."

"Miss Ellingwood, I am sure," he said, as his eyes met mine. "Mrs. Ellingwood abandoned me, a few moments since, to my own meditations and I am very glad to have them so agreeably interrupted."

"To complete the pleasure," I retorted, "it wants only that the scene of our meeting should be the 'gay greenwood;' a much more fitting rendezvous for a nameless knight and a gipsy maiden than a prosaic drawing-room."

"Alas that when Mrs. Ellingwood comes in I shall have to lose the prestige of my mystery and my knighthood, and be presented to you as plain Ray Saltonstall, her cousin."

"So you thought you would abandon resignedly the veil of romance, and not wait to have it rudely rent away?"

"Exactly. I have come to Long Island for a few weeks' rest and shooting; and finding myself in the same town with my cousin Gertrude, I made haste to pay my respects to her."

Just then my young step-mother came in. There was a warmth and brightness on her face such as I had not seen there since my father died. She looked both happy and lovely as she stood in the glow of the firelight. I was sure Mr. Saltonstall thought so, for his eyes kindled as they rested on her.

After tea I would have retired and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society, but they both insisted so strongly on my remaining that I could not have gone away without rudeness. To tell the truth, I had seldom passed a pleasanter evening. Mr. Saltonstall was a brilliant talker, and possessed, in a remarkable degree, the ability to draw out his companions. "Gertrude," as he constantly called her, was very winning. Hardened as my heart was against her I could not be blind to the charm of her manner. Perhaps I saw it all the more clearly because I did not like her, and said to myself, with every pretty look and gesture, "Thus, and thus, she wiled my father's heart away."

After that night time passed on quickly. If Mr. Saltonstall hunted it surely was not out of doors. He stopped nominally at the hotel, but he was with us morning, noon, and night. I liked him in spite of myself. I strove not to, but he was so winning, so cheerful—a perfect *Ray* of sunshine, as Mrs. Ellingwood said one day.

As for her, my heart grew, if possible, constantly more bitter against her. It was not enough, I thought, that she should have lured my father's love away from his dead darling. She must be false, in turn, to his memory, and so work a double treachery. One thing was sure—when she was married to Ray Saltonstall I should be mistress of my own home. Strange that this prospect did not give me half the satisfaction I had once imagined I should derive from it. I began to think it would be a little dull when they were both gone.

It was the last of November. Mr. Saltonstall had already lingered five weeks in the village. If his gun had not become rusty I fear it was from no care or use of his.

He came one morning to say he must really go that day. Some unusual excitement seemed to have possessed him. There was a strange glitter in his eyes. His fingers, seldom still in any mood, were more restless than ever. It seemed impossible for him to remain quietly seated for two minutes at a time. He had found my step-mother and myself sitting together in apparent harmony in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ellingwood looked very lovely. When he entered a faint, sweet blush—I know not whether of anxiety or hope—overspread her pale face. It made me think of Browning's

"Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each!"

We lived so near together, and yet we could not decipher each other's faces. We were both rather silent. For half an hour Mr. Saltonstall did most of the talking. At length he said:

"Gertrude, put up your sewing. You are my cousin, you know, and you owe me more attention than you are showing me. Do you forget that this is my last day? Get your bonnet and come out with me for one more walk, were it only for the sake of our grandmothers who were sisters."

"We were two daughters of one race:
She was the fairest in the face,"

hummed Mrs. Ellingwood. "Your plea is irresistible."

She went up stairs, put on the same warm, bright shawl which she had worn the first day my father brought her home; and presently I stood at the window, as I stood that day, and watched two figures glancing about among the shrubbery.

"Poor fool!" I murmured, bitterly, sending my eyes after Ray Saltonstall, "does he not know it was only last year that she whispered just so sweetly in my father's ear?—that she would whisper just as sweetly to some new cavalier if he himself were gone? Never mind, *chacun à son goût!*"

If I was unhappy I did not confess it to my own heart, so why should I tell you? I meant to be very indifferent, and, to persuade myself that I was so, I sat down and commenced pulling the canvas threads out of a bouquet I had been embroidering on a broadcloth chair-cover. It was a steady, mechanical work, and it answered my purpose very well.

By-and-by they came back, and Mrs. Ellingwood went directly past the drawing-room door up stairs. Mr. Saltonstall came in, and sat down near my embroidery-frame. He looked steadily at me with those controlling blue eyes of his, and said,

"I have been making a request of Gertrude, which had some relation to you. I fear you have not treated her well, have you?"

My quick temper blazed.

"Poor Mrs. Ellingwood!" I sneered. "It is melancholy that I should have behaved so badly as to force her to come to you with her complaints."

"She has made no complaints. It was only from her hesitation at speaking to you on a certain subject that I judged; or rather, it was not only from that. I have thought all along that you did Gertrude great injustice."

"Surely not," I said, with bitter, scornful calmness. "I do her the utmost justice. I acknowledge her power of fascination. Did she not beguile my father out of his fidelity to a wife whom he idolized? I am quite prepared to admit her ability to attract."

"Miss Ellingwood, that is not what I meant. You are very wrong. Gertrude Blagden was not won unsought; and when she turned away from younger—yes, and richer—suitors to marry your father, it was because she loved him as women seldom love, and never more than once in a lifetime."

I was too much enraged to be kind or even prudent. I cried, scornfully,

"I ought to believe you. You offer a strong enough proof of your faith in her, I am sure, when you are ready to give all your life for her second love."

An expression I could not interpret flashed over his face. He came a little nearer to my embroidery-frame.

"Did you think that?" he asked. "Can it be that you supposed I was seeking Gertrude's love?"

"Surely. What else could I—could any one—have thought?"

"Then you have misjudged both her and me. It must be a bolder man than I who would woo Gertrude Ellingwood, or one who did not know how faithfully she had loved your father. It is you, Madge, whom, with all your faults—in spite of the pride and passion of your nature—I love more than any thing else in the world. It was about this which I wished Gertrude to speak to you; for hitherto I have been a coward in your presence. Is it all in vain? Can I never be more to you than now?"

I knew in that moment how dear he was to me; but I could not answer him just then. I drew my hand from his clasp, and went up stairs to Gertrude. I found her in her chamber—the room where my mother had died. She was sobbing as she knelt before the bed. She did not hear my step; her blind agony shut out sight and sound. How I had misjudged that nature, outwardly so calm! I went up to her, and, for the second time in my life, I knelt down beside her.

"Gertrude," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to forgive me. I know now how wrong and cruel I have been. Can you ever pardon me?"

"I have never blamed you, Madge. It was natural that you should feel as you did. I shall be only too thankful for your love now. I have been very lonely since your father died."

"If my love is worth any thing, thank Ray for the change. He has, in very truth, been a ray of sunshine to my heart."

"And you love him? Is it not so, Madge?"

"I must tell *him* that. He has a right to hear first."

I went down stairs, and found him where I had left him. I went up to him and put my hand in his. I answered his question.

"I could not give myself to you while the heart you sought held aught unworthy of you. I think betrothal is like a sacrament—one should come to it with clean hands and a right heart. I have made my peace with Gertrude, and now you shall be all to me that you will."

"My Madge! my pride! my darling!"

"And so you love him very dearly?" Gertrude asked this that night, as we stood together in the twilight, waiting for him to come. I turned my face away from her kind eyes. My great happiness was so new, I felt shy in its presence. I did not like to answer that question to any but him; so I whispered, "Ray knows."

For ten years I have been out into the world with Ray, my conquering hero, my knight; better—my husband. Gertrude has passed them all in the great house on the Long Island shore, where she was brought a bride—where she will live a widow till the summons comes for her to pass through the opened gate which leads to the home country, where there is rest for all the dear departed—the fair, far, silent land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The Secretary of War has addressed the following circular to the Governors of States:

"War Department, Washington, *April* —, 1861.

"Sir,—Under the Act of Congress 'for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, repel invasions,' etc., approved February 28, 1795, I have the honor to request your Excellency to cause to be immediately detached from the militia of your State the quota designated in the table below, to serve as infantry or riflemen for the period of three months, unless sooner discharged.

"Your Excellency will please communicate to me the time at or about which your quota will be expected at its rendezvous, as it will be met as soon as practicable by an officer or officers to muster it into the service and pay of the United States. At the same time the oath of fidelity to the United States will be administered to every officer and man.

"The mustering officer will be instructed to receive no man under the rank of commissioned officer who is in years apparently over forty-five or under eighteen, or who is not in physical strength and vigor."

NEW YORK REPLIES.

On 16th the Legislature passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call out thirty thousand State troops, to be placed at the disposal of the President, and appropriating three million dollars therefor. The bill, slightly amended from the form in which it passed the Assembly, was passed by the Senate, and returned to the former body, which concurred in the amendments almost unanimously, there being but one negative vote. Great feeling and enthusiasm were manifested in both Houses on the subject. Part of the troops have already gone forward to Washington.

SO DO MASSACHUSETTS,

Without waiting the official requisition for troops, but acting upon the report sent to the press of the country, Governor Andrews telegraphed to the President as follows:

"The quota of troops required of Massachusetts is ready. How will you have them proceed?"

The Secretary of War responded:

"Send them by rail."

Part have gone forward by rail, the rest by steamer.

AND CONNECTICUT,

Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, telegraphs to the Secretary of War, "Your requisition will have immediate attention."

AND VERMONT,

Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, responds that one regiment of Green Mountain boys will be immediately raised.

AND OHIO,

Governor Dennison says to the Secretary of War, "Your dispatch calling on Ohio for thirteen regiments is just received, and will be promptly responded to.

Adjutant-General Carrington has just issued orders carrying into effect the military laws just enacted by the General Assembly of Ohio, and providing for 6000 regular militia, besides the militia of reserve of not less than 35,000 men, to be subject to immediate transfer into the regular force. The regular militia has been organized into twenty-five regiments, which, when upon a war basis, would make 25,000 men. On Saturday his office was thronged by persons eagerly inquiring for the news, and offering their services, irrespective of party, to support the General Government.

Governor Dennison telegraphs that Ohio will furnish her quota of twelve thousand men, and more if needed.

AND WISCONSIN,

Governor Randall, of Wisconsin, telegraphs, "The call for one regiment will be promptly responded to, and further calls when made."

AND RHODE ISLAND,

Governor Sprague tendered, by telegraph, 1000 men, with himself as leader. The tender is accepted, but that State is not required to send more than one regiment.

AND MAINE,

Governor Washburne, of Maine, telegraphs the Secretary of War as follows: "Your dispatch is received, and your call will be promptly responded to. The people of Maine, of all parties, will rally with alacrity to the maintenance of the Government and the Union."

AND ILLINOIS,

Governor Yates has issued a proclamation to convene the Legislature of this State at Springfield on the 23d April, for the purpose of enacting such laws and adopting such measures as may be deemed necessary upon the following subject, to wit: The more perfect organization and equipment of the militia of the State, and placing the same upon the best footing to render efficient assistance to the General Government in preserving the Union, enforcing the laws, protecting the property and rights of the people, and also the raising of such money and other means as may be required to carry out the foregoing objects.

The troops are mustering, and ready to go forward.

AND PENNSYLVANIA,

Governor Curtin has directed his Adjutant to forthwith establish two camps, one in eastern and the other in western Pennsylvania, for the mustering of the thirteen thousand men required from that State; and he has also authorized his Adjutant to issue orders to the different division officers to act promptly.

Pennsylvania has promised 100,000 men if necessary.

AND MINNESOTA,

Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, offered the President one thousand volunteers from his State, yesterday, and leaves for home to-day to raise the single regiment of seven hundred asked for.

AND MARYLAND,

Maryland responds promptly, it is said, to the requisition upon her for three thousand troops.

Governor Hicks was waited upon on the 16th at his hotel by Company F, the Governor's Guard, who informed him that they had come to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" with him. The Governor expressed pleasure at the visit, and said he was too hoarse to join with them, but he would tell them he was still under the Stars and Stripes. The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by over fifty voices, with fine effect. The Governor thanked the visitors for the courtesy, and said he hoped the song would be sung on all fitting occasions forever. The Union must be preserved.

A Voice. "Governor, you have done your duty so far."

Governor. "Yes, and I intend to keep doing so."

Voice. "We'll stand by you."

Much enthusiasm was manifested.

A telegram dated Baltimore, April 14, says: The Union feeling in this city has been unmistakably displayed since Friday. Men with cockades and secession emblems have been chased by crowds, and protected by the police.

The bark *Fanny Fenshaw* hoisted the secession flag today, and a crowd compelled a boy on the vessel to take it down. The captain afterward rehoisted it, and required a detachment of thirty police to protect it from the people. The indignation is intense. All the other vessels in port hoisted the American flag. The captain is a Union man, but hoisted the flag under instructions from the owners of the vessel, the Messrs. Curry, of Richmond, Virginia.

Another of same date says: The Union feeling here is strong this morning. The Minute-Men organization, of 25 0 strong, who have been drilling ever since the Presidential election as a military organization, threw out the Stars and Stripes this morning from their head-quarters, with the motto, "The Union and the Constitution."

AND NEW JERSEY.

General Hatfield has issued the following call:

"Head-quarters, Hudson Brigade, N. J. S. M.,
"Hoboken, *April* 16, 1861.

"To the Officers of the Brigade.—In view of the proclamation of the President of the United States, calling forth the militia of the several States to aid in the protection and execution of the laws, and the expected immediate call for the required quota of troops from this State by the Governor, Commander-in-Chief, I deem it most expedient to call together the immediate representatives of the several companies, to consult and determine what duty and honor require of us under these circumstances.

"I have no authority, by my office, or your enlistment in the organised militia of the State, to offer your services, uninstructed by you, to the General Government.

"I therefore request that the commissioned officers will assemble on Friday evening next, the 19th inst., at eight o'clock, at the Hudson House, Jersey City.

"James T. Hatfield, Brig.-Gen."

KENTUCKY REFUSES.

"Frankfort, *April* 16, 1861.

"Hon. Simon Cameron, *Secretary of War*:

"Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.

"B. Magoffin, Governor of Kentucky."

A dispatch dated Louisville, April 16, says: "A large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens opposed to President Lincoln's war policy was held to-night. About 3000 people were present.

"Resolutions were unanimously adopted that Kentucky will not permit the marching of troops to the Confederate States, but share the latter's destiny, if war must come; sympathizing with the patriotic men in the free States, and indorsing Governor Magoffin's response to Secretary Cameron."

Another dated Paducah, April 16, says: "A meeting, irrespective of party, J. B. Husbands presiding, last night adopted resolutions recommending the government to immediately convene the Legislature, that we are with the South in interest and action; that the Governor be requested to issue a proclamation for a Convention at Frankfort at as early a day as practicable, to consider the position and future destiny of Kentucky; calling on the people of Kentucky to ignore party feelings and oppose to the last extremity the coercive and fratricidal policy of the Executive."

SO DOES MISSOURI.

The *State Journal* publishes the following reply from Governor Jackson to Secretary Cameron:

"Executive Department,
"Jefferson City, Missouri, *April* 17, 1861.

"Sir,—Your dispatch of the 15th instant, making a call on Missouri for four regiments of men for immediate service, has been received. There can be, I apprehend, no doubt but these men are intended to form a part of the President's army to make war upon the people of the seceded States. Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its objects, inhuman and diabolical, and can not be complied with. Not one man will, of the State of Missouri, furnish or carry on such an unholy crusade.

"C. F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri."

SO DOES NORTH CAROLINA.

The following dispatch has been published:

"Raleigh, *April* 15, 1861.

"Hon. Simon Cameron, *Secretary of War*:

"Your dispatch is received, and, if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply that I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South, as in violation of the Constitution and a usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina. I will reply more in detail when your call is received by mail.

"John W. Ellis, Governor of North Carolina."

A dispatch, dated Wilmington, North Carolina, April 15, says: The Proclamation is received with perfect contempt and indignation. The Union men openly denounce the Administration. The greatest possible unanimity prevails. There were great rejoicings here on Saturday on the reception of the news of the reduction of Fort Sumter.

THE FEELING IN TENNESSEE.

A dispatch dated Nashville, April 13, says: An enthusiastic public meeting was held here to-night. Resolutions were unanimously adopted, condemning the Administration for the present state of affairs, and sympathizing with the South. The Hon. Mr. Zollicoffer and others spoke.

Another, dated Memphis, April 14, says: Great excitement prevails in this city over the news from Charleston, and great crowds are in the streets. The event is being celebrated by cannon firing, rockets, bonfires, music, and dancing.

Another, dated Memphis, April 16, says: There is intense excitement here. A tremendous meeting to-night resolved Memphis out of the Union. There are no Union men now here.

A dispatch from Montgomery says: General Pillow guarantees to raise 10,000 men in Tennessee in twenty days, if President Davis will accept of them, and there is no doubt expressed but what he will accept of the offer.

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.

The 17th April was the day fixed for the reception of subscriptions to the five million loan of the revolutionists. Of this sum $2,008,000 were subscribed in Charleston, and $3,000,000 in New Orleans.

MR. DAVIS CALLS FOR PRIVATEERS

The following proclamation has been published:

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"*Whereas*, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has, by proclamation, announced intention of invading the confederacy with an armed force, for the purpose of capturing its fortresses, and thereby subverting its independence and subjecting the free people thereof to the dominion of a foreign power; and whereas, it has thus become the duty of this government to repel the threatened invasion, and defend the rights and liberties of the people by all the means which the laws of nations and usages of civilized warfare place at its disposal.

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, inviting all those who may desire, by service in private armed vessels on the high seas, to aid this government in resisting so wanton and wicked an aggression, to make application for commissions or letters of marque and reprisal, to be issued under the seal of these Confederate States; and I do further notify all persons applying for letters of marque, to make a statement in writing, giving the name and suitable description of the character, tonnage, and force, of the vessel, name of the place of residence of each owner concerned therein, and the intended number of crew, and to sign each statement, and deliver the same to the Secretary of State or collector of the port of entry of these Confederate States, to be by him transmitted to the Secretary of State, and I do further notify all applicants aforesaid, before any commission or letter of marque is issued to any vessel, or the owner or the owners thereof, and the commander for the time being, they will be required to give bond to the Confederate States, with at least two responsible sureties not interested in such vessel, in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, or if such vessel be provided with more than one hundred and fifty men, then in the penal sum of ten thousand dollars, with the condition that the owners, officers, and crew who shall be employed on board such commissioned vessel shall observe the laws of these Confederate States, and the instructions given them for the regulation of their conduct, that shall satisfy all damages done contrary to the tenor thereof by such vessel during her commission, and deliver up the same when revoked by the President of the Confederate States.

"And I do further specially enjoin on all persons holding offices, civil and military, under the authority of the Confederate States, that they be vigilant and zealous in the discharge of the duties incident thereto; and I do, moreover, exhort the good people of these Confederate States, as they love their country—as they prize the blessings of free government—as they feel the wrongs of the past, and those now threatened in an aggravated form by those whose enmity is more implacable, because unprovoked—they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, in maintaining the authority and efficacy of the laws, and in supporting, invigorating all the measures which may be adopted for a common defense, and by which, under the blessings of Divine Providence, we may hope for a speedy, just, and honorable peace.

"In witness whereof, I have set my hand and have caused the seal of the Confederate States of America to be attached this Seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

"Jefferson Davis.

"Robert Toombs, Secretary of State."

AND MEN.

He has also called out 82,000 men. Of these troops, 5000 are from each State except Florida, the number from that State being 2000.

WILL VIRGINIA SECEDE?

A Washington correspondent states that Mr. Seward has received information from Richmond to the effect that the secession ordinance had been defeated in the Virginia Convention in secret session by seven majority. Other reports corroborate this news.

A telegram dated Richmond, April 14, says: The demonstration in honor of the fall of Sumter continued till midnight. Illuminations, bonfires, and fire-works were the order of the evening. A party ascended the roof of the Capitol and hoisted the Southern flag on the flag-staff. It was subsequently removed by the guard.

THE REPLY OF MR. SEWARD TO THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS.

The correspondence between Mr. Seward and the Southern Commissioners has been published. The point of Mr. Seward's letter is in the following paragraph:

"The Secretary of State frankly confesses that he understands the events which have recently occurred, and the condition of political affairs which actually exists in the part of the Union to which his attention has thus been directed, very differently from the aspect in which they are presented by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford. He sees in them, not a rightful and accomplished revolution and an independent nation, with an established government, but rather a perversion of a temporary and partisan excitement to the inconsiderate purposes of an unjustifiable and unconstitutional aggression upon the rights and the authority vested in the Federal Government, and hitherto benignly exercised, as from their very nature they always must be so exercised, for the maintenance of the Union, the preservation of liberty, and the security, peace, welfare, happiness, and aggrandizement of the American people.

"The Secretary of State, therefore, avows to Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford that he looks patiently but confidently for the cure of evils which have resulted from proceedings so unnecessary, so unwise, so unusual, and so unnatural, not to irregular negotiations, having in view new and untried relations with agencies unknown to and acting in derogation of the Constitution and laws, but to regular and considerate action of the people of those States, in co-operation with their brethren in the other States, through the Congress of the United States, and such extraordinary conventions, if there shall be need thereof, as the Federal Constitution contemplates and authorizes to be assembled."

THE NEW CONGRESS.

The President has called an extra session of Congress, to meet on the 4th of July next. Leaving out the seceded States, only fifty representatives remain to be elected. Of these, thirteen will be chosen in Virginia on the 23d of May, the regular day for the State election. California, with two members, Kentucky ten, Maryland six, North Carolina eight, Tennessee ten, and Kansas one, will have to call special elections.

WERE THERE ANY MEN KILLED AT FORT MOULTRIE?

A private letter received by a gentleman in this city from a friend in Charleston, gives some new and interesting particulars respecting the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The writer states that such was the effectiveness of Major Anderson's fire that thirty of the secessionists in Fort Moultrie were killed, besides many wounded, and that the Stevens Battery was silenced, and the Floating Battery half shot away. He extols the courage and skill of the garrison, and intimates that the casualties of the enemy were more numerous than they wish to acknowledge.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Buchanan exhibits intense interest in the news from the South, and participates in the expression of a determination to sustain the government.

Major Anderson arrived at New York with his command on 18th at two o'clock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. TRAIN FINED ONE SHILLING.

Mr. Train, of Massachusetts, has been fined one shilling by a London magistrate, on the charge that his street railway was an obstruction; but the magistrate explained that the question would really have to be settled by the Supreme Court. Mr. Train gave notice of an appeal to that court.

THE BUILDING STRIKE IN LONDON.

At latest dates there was some probability of a compromise in the Building Trade strike. The London men were showing some disposition to accept a proposition of working by the hour under an increased scale of wages.

FRANCE.

MILITARY AND NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

The French navy has, by command of the Emperor, been organized into five divisions, each division to be under the orders of an admiral, and to have three steel plated frigates attached to it. One division was about to proceed to Syria, where England is reinforcing her naval force.

Some sensation was created by the announcement that the Emperor was about to review the garrison of Paris. A review at this unusual time was construed by some into a forerunner of a campaign.

ITALY.

AFFAIRS OF ROME AND NAPLES.

The official *Opinione*, of Turin, publishes an article showing the necessity of withdrawing the troops from Rome. It says that they are there to protect the Pope; but as soon as Italy grants the amplest guarantees for the safety of the Pope and the freedom of the Church the mission of the French will be fulfilled with dignity by the national army.

Debate on the affairs of Naples continued in the Chamber of Deputies. The Minister of the Interior said the difficulties had been exaggerated, but he promised a remedy of several inconveniences of the Government. It is intended to increase the military of the southern provinces as measures of public safety.

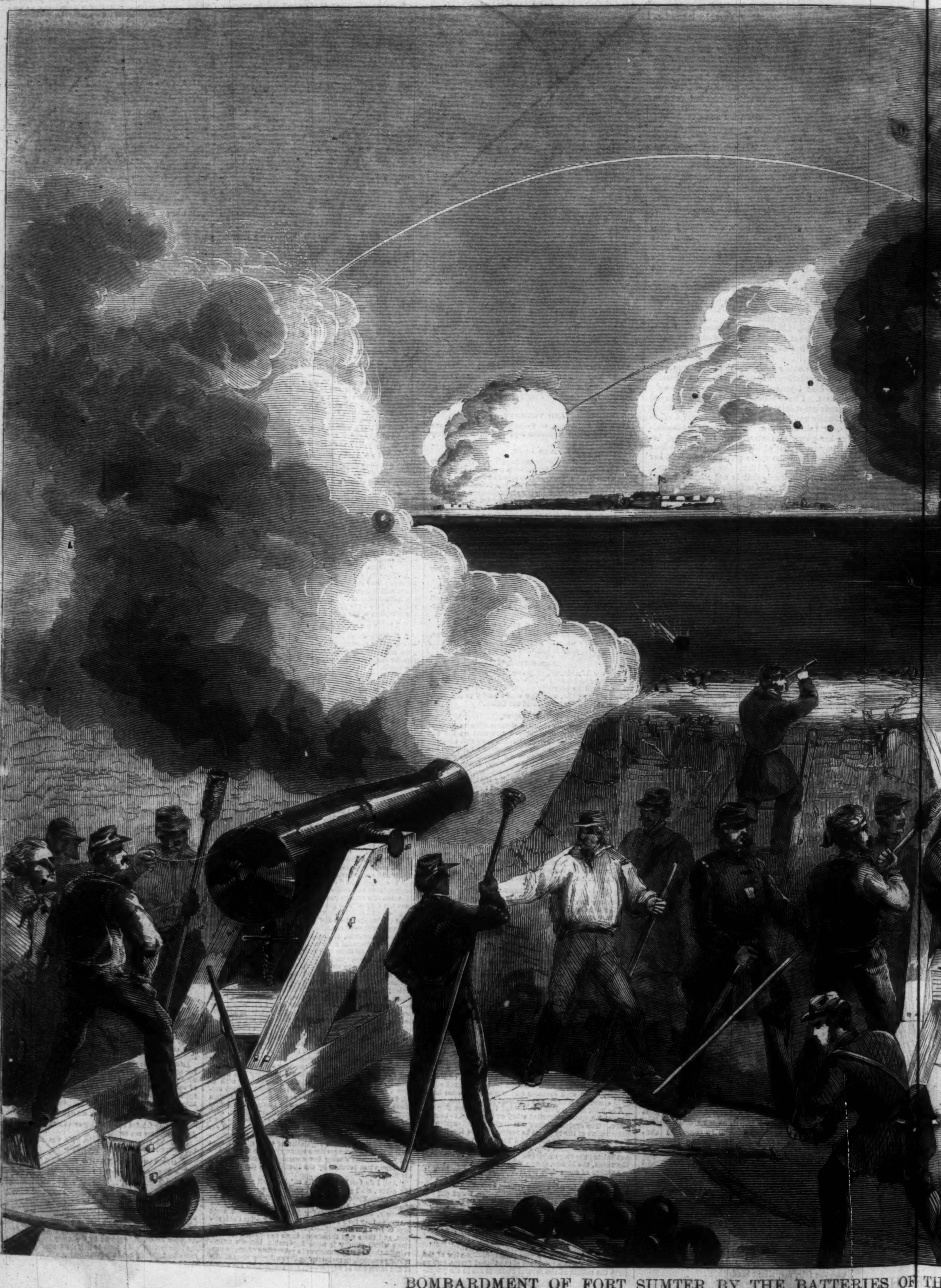
THE POPE AND GARIBALDI.

The Pope fainted away during service on 2d, but his indisposition was not serious.

Garibaldi continued at Turin. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the people.

HUNGARY AND VENICE CO-OPERATING.

The London *Post* asserts that the military operations in which Garibaldi will take part are on the point of commencing, and that the Hungarians and Italians have come to a perfect understanding to make a combined government. It is expected that the Hungarian Diet will pass a formal vote calling on the Hungarian troops from other parts of the Austrian empire to be concentrated in the kingdom of Hungary alone. Such a measure will necessarily strip the Venetian provinces of the flower of the Austrian forces. If opposed by the Austrian Government the Hungarians will refuse to pay the taxes, and the moment for breaking out into insurrection will then have arrived.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BATTERIES OF THE

THE CONFEDERATE STATES, APRIL 13, 1861.—[See Page 257.]

BILLOWS PAST.

My mother died when I was very young; I never thought my father was very fond of me. Nigel inherited my mother's beauty, which I did not; but he was rich, proud of his old family, and he wished me to make what would be called a good match. I did not much think about it, I had all I wanted at home; but I did care for one at last; I met him often, he was staying with some friends; he staid here several times. His regiment was quartered at Carlisle, and the officers were asked every where. My father seemed to like him, too, and often told him he should be glad to meet him at Littlecourt whenever he liked a day's shooting, and that was a great deal for him to say. I thought he liked me; I felt sure of it sometimes when he would bring me a flower, and bend down over me in a peculiar way as he gave it, and once, too, he said he wished we were not so rich. I felt so happy then, I only laughed.

He sang, oh, such a voice! I never heard one like his. I can hear it now. He sang without music at first, but after I had played for him once he used to ask me to accompany him, and ask me to sing, which I could not do; but he would say he thought I *must*, for I played his songs as no one else did, as if I felt them; I must have been dull indeed not to feel that voice, "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Land o' the Leal," and some of the old Scotch and Irish ballads.

Tall, I could see his head above every one in the room: light hair, and he had a way of passing his fingers through it, and shaking a rebellious lock back that always fell over his forehead. His eyes were dark—I scarcely know what color—they changed and looked darker as he spoke. But he was so good and gentle, and I was so thoughtless then for any thing beyond this world. I remember his staying here over a Sunday, 20th April, 1832, and in the afternoon service there was a baptism, as there often was. I looked upon it as an interruption to the regular prayers, and sat still, looking at the painted glass, or beautiful carving of our old church: but he stood or knelt according to the service. I never hear a baptism without seeing him standing so firm with his arms crossed, and hear his "Amen" to those beautiful words, "And to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

As he walked home he asked me if I knew "The Christian Year:" it was new then, but I had it, and though not understanding or valuing it as I do now, I admired many of the poems. It was a lovely evening, and we came across the fields and through the larch wood, then in all the beauty of its fresh bright green leaves, studded with small crimson cones, and great bunches of yellow primroses peeping out every where, the birds singing, every thing looking bright, bursting into leaf, making one feel gay and hopeful too. On reaching the brow of the hill we all stopped to look at the sunset, so glorious it was, and a young girl of our party exclaimed,

"Let us each take one of those feathery clouds for our own and see what happens to it. I will have that white feathery bit, and you, Mr. Armstrong, take that bit of bright gold." So we each chose our little cloud, and watched their future destiny.

His bright golden one moved swiftly, straight on, on, on, and melted away in the great golden sunset in the West.

"Your journey is soon over, Armstrong," cried one; "now look at Miss Beresford's—where in the world is she going?"

It was said lightly, but I saw a look in his face—he did not take it lightly. My cloud afforded amusement for some time with its wanderings, but at last it also joined the glorious crimson sunset.

We had all talked and laughed carelessly about it, but somehow I felt grave, and I said to Percy as we again moved on our way down the hill:

"'When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?'"

"That is just what I was thinking," he said, eagerly. "I could not help feeling there was something under those clouds deeper than we first thought."

Those were very happy days; they went on for some weeks more, constantly meeting. Then my father went from home for a fortnight, taking me with him. We were to return for a ball at Warnham, and the house was to be full. I knew he would be there; he was to be at the Grange, and I thought he would come over to see us.

We drove to Warnham. The last ball I had been at he was on the stairs, as I thought waiting for us, for he had taken me into the ball-room, and asked me to dance at once; but he was not there now. However, I saw his head as soon as we entered, and thought he would come to meet me; I saw him look at me, but he did not come. We were rather late: and as we edged our way to the far end of the room, I was one of the last, and there were several people between us. I felt him watching me, so I bowed; he did not come round to me at once, he only bowed again, and looked so grave—so pale; I could not go to him, I was too far off to speak. There were several gentlemen with us, and I knew I should be obliged to dance with them; how I hoped he would come and ask me, but he stood there, leaning against the corner of the bench as if he had forgotten where he was.

"What has happened to Mr. Armstrong?" said Mrs. Biddulph, and she looked at me and smiled.

"Who?" said Sir Harry Vivian.

"That handsome young fellow, Percy Armstrong, of the —th. I call him my Hotspur."

"The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, *I* should call him," said Sir Harry, putting up his glass. "But do you really consider him good-looking, Mrs. Biddulph?"

"Yes, remarkably so, and you would too, only you are so horridly conceited."

"Ah!" said Sir Harry, "you always flatter me. Do you admire him, Miss Beresford?"

How I hated him for asking me!

"It is a well-known fact," said Mr. Lane, "that Armstrong and I are the handsomest men in the room. You are a stranger here, Sir Harry, so may be excused for not finding it out."

I could not help laughing, and felt grateful to kind, ugly little Mr. Lane for coming to my rescue, and saying what I dared not.

"Well," said Mrs. Biddulph, "I shall go and ask him, and tell him we are all speculating on what can make him so unlike himself."

She moved toward Percy, she spoke to him in a rallying way, he looked at me; surely she had not used my name! but I felt my color rise, for his face flushed, then he came straight toward me.

"Were *you* laughing at me, too?" he said, bending down to catch my answer.

"I! oh no," I said, and looked up at him, though my eyes were full; I held out my hand, he took it, and in the same low, sad voice said,

"I did not believe it; I knew you could not do that." He pressed my hand in both his. "God bless you," he said, and turned quickly from me. I saw my father meet him, shake him heartily by the hand, and then Percy passed on through the room to the door. I watched him so eagerly I found Sir Harry Vivian asking me for the second time to dance. As Percy reached the ball-room door he turned, only to see me taking my place in the dance—only to think he was nothing to me, when my whole heart was his, and I felt as though I were dreaming a miserable dream.

I tortured myself fruitlessly for years, thinking I might have said or done something different that dreadful evening. If he had only said one word—if he had only called me Helen, I could have spoken—could have followed him—could have told him I was ready to follow him to the world's end.

"Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But *then* it were too daring."

I watched the door in vain, he did not return. I never saw him again.

I suppose I looked deadly pale, for some one asked me if I were ill; then I remembered I must not betray myself; I must dance, and talk and smile through that horrible ball. Then came the drive home; no relief; not alone till I was undressed, my maid gone, and then I could think over all, and feel I was miserable, loving him utterly as I did. Why had he left me in that way? Was it possible after all he did not care for me? How humbled, crushed, broken I felt as that idea forced itself upon me!

How wretched I looked the next morning! but I had a part to act, and I acted it well, I believe. After breakfast my father called me to the library, and told me I had been much admired at the ball; had I money enough for all I wanted? if not, he would double my allowance; he liked me to be well dressed, etc., etc. At the end he said,

"By-the-by, my dear, Armstrong's regiment is ordered to India, and he thanked me last night for all our attention and kindness to him; he was to catch the night mail, and sail from Liverpool next week, I think he said; he is a fine young fellow, a credit to any corps."

What could I say? I felt something rise in my throat—I could not speak. Then he had not really cared for me, and I had allowed myself to think of nothing—no one but him. I thought I never could be more miserable than I then was.

A few months passed, it was the end of October. I had been so happy in October a twelvemonth ago. One morning at breakfast my father, reading the newspaper, exclaimed, "Good Heavens! the *Berkshire* lost, with the —th on board! Let me see;" and then he read aloud,

"It is with feelings of deep regret we announce the total loss by fire of the ship *Berkshire*, on the 10th August, latitude 5° North, longitude 20° West, bound for Calcutta with the —th on board. Only five officers and 120 men saved. The troops behaved nobly, obeying orders to the last."

I heard all; my tongue dry, my eyes burning, I tried to say something, but my voice did not come; my lips moved, but there was no sound. I reached my own room—my trembling limbs carried me so far—and I threw myself on the couch: I could not faint, I could not forget, I knew he was gone; I felt persuaded he was not one of the five saved; I never had any hope of that, and I must not appear to care; I had no right even to wear a black gown for him; and oh! the misery of bright colors when your whole heart is in such mourning!

I don't remember how the time passed from that day until my father's death. Early in January, he was seized with paralysis one evening, and never regained consciousness. Nigel arrived too late to see him alive.

About four years after my father's death he wrote to me to look for some papers which were missing. "Do look in my father's bureau and send me all the papers you can find relating to Spanish Bonds." I took the key and went to the library, with the melancholy feeling such a task gives one. I had never opened that bureau before. I searched one drawer after another—I could find nothing. At last I found an inner drawer; it looked as though the contents had never been touched—there was a bundle of papers tied up, headed "Spanish Bonds." I took it and untied the red tapes to see if Nigel would want them all; as I unfolded one I saw it was a letter; I saw the signature, "Percy Armstrong"—there was a note inclosed, unopened, addressed to me. I read the letter to my father first; it was written just one week before that ball; he said my father must have seen how much he cared for me, but he was afraid would think him very presumptuous in asking for his consent to try and win me; he had little now, but he was to succeed to a small property on the death of an uncle, and he only asked to be allowed to hope. His regiment was under orders for foreign service, and he could not bear to go leaving me in ignorance of his feelings.

On the other side of his letter was the rough copy of the answer he must have received:

"My dear Armstrong,—I really am very sorry so disagreeable a duty devolves on me. We feel grateful for the feeling you express, which we hope, however, may not be very lasting, as my daughter could never think of a match which, much as we like you personally, would be, you are aware, not what I have every right to expect for her."

I will not tell you all he said. I have forgiven, I trust quite, quite forgiven; he was my father, and acted as he thought for the best; indeed the joy of finding I might acknowledge I had loved him took away from me so much bitterness that it was not until some time after I felt I had something to forgive my dead father.

I would not keep that answer—I tore the sheet in half; there were no envelopes then, it was a sheet of letter paper. I burned the half sheet, watched the black shriveled page rise slowly up the chimney, and then returned to read *his* over again and again, with my own little treasured note clasped in my two hands. I forgot all that had passed—all those weary years; I felt as if he had only just written to me—that I might answer him, tell him he might come, speak to me, love me, sing with me!

I saw him ride up to the door, and pat Selim ere they led him away—I heard his step in the hall, saw him pass his fingers through his hair as he came to the drawing-room—saw his smile as I rose to meet him, both my hands in his—then it all came back upon me, sweeping away my happy thoughts into the deep, deep sea that rolled over him. I should never hear his step again, never see his smile, never touch his hand, never see those great dark eyes, that bright wavy hair—never hear that voice again, never, never, save in my dreams—all, all gone!

At last I opened my own little note. He entreated me to answer; but if he did not hear he should still go to the ball, just to see me once more. If I did not, could not care for him, would I only let him say a few last words—would I say one kind word to bid "God speed" him on his way? It said:

"I will not annoy you, dearest; if you give me not a smile or a blush I shall know that the last few months have been a dream of joy not to be mine—a dream that I am not indifferent to you; but, indeed, no one can ever love you more than I—and always must, my Helen. Mine or not? God bless you always. Percy Armstrong."

And he thought I had received this when I bowed to him in that ball-room!

And I had one unspeakable comfort. Some years after I was going to London with Nigel at Coventry a gentleman got into the same carriage; I saw "Major Howard, —th Regt.," on his carpet bag. I should hear, I was determined to know the last. I said quite calmly to Nigel, "I *must* ask him." Poor Nigel! I little knew then how wretched he was himself; it was just before he went to India; but he instantly addressed the stranger, saying he wished much to hear of Percy Armstrong: could he tell him, did he see any thing of him at the last?

"Percy Armstrong," he interrupted, "the best and bravest! no one knew what he was till that awful day. We had been becalmed for some days, the heat beyond expression. One morning, that awful 10th of August, something was evidently wrong; and soon the words were whispered from one to the other, 'The ship is on fire!' The captain came, pale as death, to our colonel, and said, 'We have every hope of getting it under; but bring the women and children on deck, and keep all as quiet as possible.' A short time after he came again, and said, 'The fire is raging fiercer than ever, it has now broken out among the stores. The boats are ready for lowering.' There was no hope. Our men behaved splendidly; and Percy, he was as calm as on parade. I saw him rush down for a child that its shrieking mother had been unable to save. I saw him hand it down to her in the boat, and heard her bless him for it. Then lots were drawn which of us should go in the boats. *He* was one of them; he might have been saved, if he had not been his own noble self. He saw another's agony at being destined to remain in the burning vessel. 'Oh God!' exclaimed the poor fellow, 'my wife and children—what will become of them!' Percy Armstrong looked up to the blue sky above us for a moment, then, in a calm, clear voice, 'Take my place,' he said; 'I have no one to love me; I shall never be missed.'

"In the selfish clinging to life that man wrung his hand with a 'God bless you!' and followed into the boat.

"I do not know how it was, but I seemed to see and hear every thing. I don't think I had any idea of surviving. I scarcely remember how I got into the boat. I know I felt as if I would gladly have been one of those 280 fine fellows who met death in the glorious way they did. They all came to help, handing us down water, and such things as we might want; and William Rowlands—a fine young fellow in my company, son of my father's game-keeper—called out to me, 'Captain Howard, Sir, you'll get my poor old mother the pay that's due to me, will you, Sir? and tell her, Sir, now when it's come to this, I'm right glad I went to church with her that last Sunday, and if I was to be on dry land again, I'd never go idling my Sundays, and doing the things I did do again—never, never; and tell her I remember the text that last Sunday: it was about the angels being glad when such as me repented, Sir. I can't say the words exact, but you'll tell her when you get back safe, as I hope to God you will, Sir; and if you please, Sir, tell her to give Jane Wilkins my love.' 'I will, I will, my poor fellow,' I answered, 'if I live; so help me God, I will.'

"Then James Gray leaned over: 'My wife, Sir, will be in trouble: will you look to her, Sir, when you get home again? and tell her Jim is getting old enough, and I'd like him to join the old Regiment; no one need be ashamed of it, I hope, Sir. You'll tell her we did our duty, and I hope she'll want for nothing. I've got her Bible here, Sir, going with me where we're going: God bless you.'

"Then Percy Armstrong spoke to me for the last time. 'Howard, my dear fellow, here's my Prayer-Book for you; God bless you! we're all steady.' He stood up quite firm; passed his hand through his hair, as he always did, do you remember?—(oh, did I not remember *so* well!)—pointed to the blue heaven, 'No sea *there*,' he said.

"I thought his face was like the face of an angel; then he turned away, encouraging the men.

"We had to row hard to get the boats away from the burning ship; but the sea was so calm, not a breath of wind, and such horror and awe among us all—not a word was uttered, and we could hear the voices of those left behind. I knew Percy's voice as he began the litany. I heard him say, 'In the hour of death, and in the day of Judgment;' then one deep, full cry for mercy echoed over our heads, 'Good Lord, deliver us!' then came the fearful explosion, and all was over."

He stopped a moment; then he added, "Poor fellow! those awful days of suffering, and thirst, and death! I read his Prayer-Book as I never read before. I would give it to some of his friends, if I could find one who loved him."

I started forward then: "Give it to me! oh, give it to me, for I *did* love him, and he loved me!"

Under his name on the fly-leaf was written—

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

IN PERIL UNDERGROUND.

My comrades and I were underground and hard at work two full hours before sunrise. Our work lay in a part of the coal-mine far away from where the general work was carried on, and was on this account comparatively lonely and remote. We were employed in driving a pair of drifts through a barrier of coal which divided the workings of two coal-pits situate in the north of England.

Fifteen minutes in the middle of our work was the time we allowed ourselves for rest and refreshment; but we always spent these well, and made up for their shortness by the intensity of our pleasure. But one day—the last day we ever passed together—an unusual amount of gloom seemed to have settled on the whole of our little party. I was the first to attempt a conversation: I remarked that Thomson, the wildest of us all, looked very serious, and I asked him the reason. Now let me tell you that Thomson was the only gambler among us, cared nothing about religion, and was seldom seriously disposed; and his wit being quick and keen, he would always try to raise a laugh against you at every opportunity that presented itself. But to day he was neither inclined to laugh himself, nor to cause others to do so. He could not have done it if he had tried, for we were all as gloomy as himself; and he explained that he had been troubled with a remarkable dream last night, which he could neither remember nor understand; nor could he account for the uneasiness which it had caused him during the day. The conversation then took a generally superstitious turn, and it was strange to find that most of us were troubled and perplexed with forebodings for which we could find no reason. Harry Walters, who had been married but three weeks, said, "Our Bessy," as he called his wife, "told me to take care of myself, and wished I was safe home again, for she felt as if something wrong would happen." James Wilson said he wished the shift was up, for he felt so anxious to get home to his wife and children he was almost tempted to leave us all. This was said more in jest than in earnest, but he added, seriously: "Little Susy this morning asked me to tell her all about heaven, for she said I had taken her there in the night, and I was to be sure to make haste home and finish the tale." John Whitehead, a pious and good man, remarked that we were in the hands of God, and we must abide by His will, let that be what it would, for we knew not the minute we might live only in the spirit." This was nothing extraordinary for Whitehead to say, as he often spoke to us in this manner; but it had the effect of stopping the conversation. I then cried out, "Let us go to work; the succeeding shift will be in upon us before we have any thing done." So, we all rose simultaneously, and went to our respective working-places.

We all seemed to begin with the intention of making up for lost time, for I could hear the ringing of my comrades' picks, while the dull thumps of the bore-rods showed that they were applied more diligently than they had been before meal-time; for this morning's work had been the worst our shift had ever done during the driving of the drifts. For myself, I was doing double the duty I had done in the morning, and was beginning to feel quite cheerful, as we always do when our work yields, when suddenly there came a tremendous crash, accompanied by a violent rush of wind, which swept out all our lights and left us in darkness.

We did not stay to reflect, for we knew that something serious had happened, and to run toward the shaft was apparently the only chance left to us. And run we did. I being the youngest and most nimble, got the lead and kept it to the end of that fearful race; for it was a race in the dark down a narrow drift, and the prize was precious life itself. Being in advance, I was free from the hinderance of tumbling over my comrades, and so escaped many bruises. An extraordinarily strong current of air was steadily opposing me with great force; but on I flew, scarcely noticing it, nor did I much heed what had been at first a low rumbling noise, but which was now rapidly nearing and increasing into the roar of furious elements. I took no time to reflect on the cause of this increasing thundering noise; my only object was to gain the bottom of the pit, and for this I strained every nerve. On I flew; nearer and nearer came the horrible roar, which seemed to be close on my right hand side; for I had now gone a considerable distance down the old headway, where the workings were on each side separated from me only by the brick stoppings at the end of each lateral gallery, as I explained. I still ran on; but now a noise burst into the headway, which convinced me that the roar proceeded from water and that the mines were inundated! It had been too deafening and general for me to distinguish the cause before, and it was most fortunate that I understood it when I

did, for another second would have plunged me into the madly rushing torrents.

The water burst through the stoppings with such force that when it struck the angles of the opposite pillars of coal, it caused the floor and roof of the mine to shake as if convulsed by an earthquake. It seems to me as if I was then invested with the power of seeing the events taking place in all parts of the mine. The bodies of men were caught up by the currents and dashed fearfully against the jambs of the coal-pillars, tearing them as I thought limb from limb, and drifting the parts in different directions. The most painful scene which my imagination, or perhaps, something superior, forced upon my vision, was that of a little driver, eleven years of age, whom I recognized in the main wagon-way, with his horse yoked to a train of rolleys and corves. He had been in the act of driving outward with his load, but his horse was backing and plunging. Tears were flowing fast down the poor little driver's smutty face, when a rush of water down an adjoining headway ingulfed all at once—the horse, the driver, and the load. This ended a succession of visions too horrible to detail. It seemed as if I had been a considerable time witnessing such scenes, but it could not have been more than a minute.

It required all my energy to enable me to start backward; but the splash of a body of water close to me showed the immediate necessity of this only alternative. Back I ran as fast as my now trembling limbs would carry me. I had not gone far when I came in collision with some one running in the opposite direction. I was knocked down, and had not the faintest power to prevent my opponent from running headlong into the water. I regained my legs, and commenced a speedy retreat. I soon met my remaining companions, and prevailed on them to turn back, which I had to do by means of cuffs and signs, for we could not hear each other's voices. We all made directly to the face of the drift, where the noise was not so loud, and where we could talk to each other quite easily. Thomson was missing, and we knew too well his awful fate.

We were so confused and terror-stricken at our horrible situation that we could scarcely command our senses, and raved more like insane men than rational beings. There were lamentations, prayers, hopes, wishes, all uttered simultaneously—their poor wives and dear children—who would protect them, was their plaintive cry! Our situation was really desperate. There we were, driven into the face of a narrow drift, six feet wide by four feet high, and we could hear the water rapidly advancing, while none of us knew whether we should be spared many minutes in this life or not. About an hour afterward we were comparatively calm, like men in a state of fretful resignation. The distant roar had gradually ceased, and I was the first to venture to the water's edge, which may have been about forty yards from the face of the drift. I found great resistance in moving, and, knowing some little trifle of pneumatics, came to the conclusion that this resistance was caused by the compression of the air; therefore that the column of water would be kept back by the elasticity of the air, and that we were no longer in danger of being drowned. I communicated my opinions to my comrades, and then went into the other drift to reflect. My spirits rose high, and I felt extraordinary mental power; owing, I suppose, to the increased pressure of the atmosphere and the proportionate amount of oxygen. By the height of the water, and length of the drifts within the barriers, from which no air could escape, I found the pressure had increased two additional atmospheres; and by the degree of inclination, I calculated that the water would be stationary about thirty yards above the face of the drifts. The upper edge of the barriers of coal was expected to be about twenty yards further than the face, thus leaving ten or twenty yards of water above the upper edge of the barrier. It also struck me that some one would be down the up-cast pit examining the old works to endeavor to give relief to those who had been working in the upper part of the new or down-cast workings. I knew, however, that this would be probably given up as soon as the settled level of the water had been discovered; yet with the hope of being heard, I commenced knocking on the face of the drift, and continued to do so in measured time, so that any one might recognize the knocks as proceeding from us. Most fortunately the very first blows I struck were heard: they were faintly answered by similar knocks, which appeared to be a hopeless distance off.

This, I afterward learned, was the case; for a party of explorers were there, and were on the point of turning back in despair, when the sound of my first blows reached them. They could not tell what to make of it, nor how to account for the sounds proceeding from below the level of the water; and a sort of superstitious dread came over them as they answered the knocks by making similar ones on the nearest coal; which, however, was cut off from the barrier by a gallery, which accounted for their faintness. I immediately returned to my companions, and communicated to them my hopes of escape. They were still in a state of quiet despair, yet they agreed to keep up a system of knocking on the face of the drift, though with small hopes of good result. Knocks responding to our own, and with the same measured time, a little raised their spirits, for we knew that, if it was possible, we should get assistance. The knocks seemed to be about forty yards distant, struck on the edge of the seam, which confirmed my supposition that the upper edge of the barriers was under water. The question was, could the water be lowered by the new pumping-engine, so that a drift could be driven toward us from the upper edge of the barrier? and could this be accomplished before we died of starvation? That a drift would be driven to us we felt confident, but it might arrive too late to save life. Yet hope gleamed brightly through all the blackness, and we, one and all, looked forward to an ultimate release.

We had to suffer much. It was horrible to think that the water we were obliged to drink contained the dead bodies of all our friends and comrades; among them, my two brothers and my father, who had been working in another part of the mine, where I knew they must have been drowned. And then I thought of my mother and sisters, how they would be mourning for us all; and I prayed to be spared for their sakes. Time passed, and brought on hunger; and soon our thoughts were concentrated on our own sufferings. We had a few pounds of candles which we divided among us, and which we were obliged to eat very sparingly. Two of our number sickened and died very shortly after the candles were consumed, leaving but three of us to meet our fate. The poor fellows died quietly, without a murmur, and it seemed to us as if they had simply fallen asleep, when they lay dead beside us. We did not throw them into the water, for a sense of deathly sickness was settling on us, as the change from hunger to weakness was taking place. At the beginning of that trial I suffered terribly from hunger, and my mental sufferings were also great; but as I grew weaker, my pains and sufferings diminished in proportion to my strength. Hope left us at last, and we ceased knocking on the face of the rock; but once more I collected the little remaining strength I had and struck a few blows. There was no response. Then hope flew, and I did not care to encourage it back. The last clear recollection I have was calling Harry Walter's and Whitehead's names, and that they did not answer. I then lay down; for I felt drowsy.

What passed now seemed to be a feeble dream. I had alternating periods of light and darkness; in the light period I seemed to live, but in the dark I thought I was dead. I also faintly recollect that I considered why I did not go to the world eternal. It then appeared faintly illuminated, and I imagined I was surrounded by beings like what I had pictured the angels to be, but they looked very sad; I thought I was still prostrate and human, and very miserable. The scene gradually darkened, and I thought I heard familiar noises, but my head seemed to fly from my body and dart against something hard. I suppose that I was trying to sit up then, but from weakness fell back.

At last I saw light once again, this time more vividly than before, though but for a moment. I thought I was in a tomb of fire, while a being, human in form but of brilliant flame in substance, came toward me and took hold of me. In an instant all was dark, and I remember no more.

It was weeks before I got better, or could call to mind the feelings and incidents I have just related. I can only account for the light and dark periods by supposing that I was delirious when I thought it was light, but sane and semi-unconscious when I thought it was dark. The noises I heard were real, for a drift was being driven toward where I lay, and they must have proceeded from the workmen. The familiar sounds no doubt aroused me, and I tried to sit up, but I was too weak for this and must have fallen back on the slaty floor. When the opening was made and candles of the searchers appeared, I must have opened my eyes and believed the place to be a tomb of fire, and the man who was as a flame in human form must have been the man who rushed to ascertain whether I was alive or dead. I can make no other explanation.

Whitehead and I were the sole survivors: the rest were dead when the rescue came.

LOVE AND 'LECTION.

CHAPTER I.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too.
Oh, Van, Van! you're a used up man.
Tippeca—"

JACK GARNER stopped short in his jubilant chorus as he saw his quondam friend Wright Holmes on the other side of the way also journeying toward the school-house. He stopped but a moment for breath, and then recommenced the refrain louder than ever in the ear of the crest-fallen little Democrat.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Tippecanoe," etc., finishing off with the question "Mail come yet? Jest wait till them returns is in. Oh, won't we whip the—? Tippecanoe—"

Wright gave the bundle of books under his arm an extra hitch and the visor of his cap an extra pull—the one to keep up his courage, and the other to shut off the sight of his aggravating little Whig companion.

There were heavy thoughts in the boy's sad heart, for he knew right well the trial it would be to his father to surrender the post-office, which he so long had held. The old man was wont to say, with honest pride, that for twenty years the correspondence of H—— County had passed through his hands, and that a letter had never been lost nor a penny missed.

And now this was past. The ides of March had come, and old "Tippecanoe" had commenced his brief career. The Whigs looked triumphantly at the Squire when they came for letters, bringing additional items with regard to the majorities by which the party had conquered. He knew that he would be displaced very soon, and two or three of the opposite side had been mentioned as likely to succeed him. Young Harry Grafton had gone already to Washington, and people said it was pretty hard for the old man to see him in the place, for before Harry went to read law with Judge Garner he had been a clerk with the Squire for two years at least, while finishing his studies. During that time he had been faithfully nursed through a long illness by the family of his employer, and had professed so much gratitude for it, that every body thought it was hardly fair to try to supplant him now. How the story originated nobody knew, but the rumor was afloat that the flourishing young lawyer was not content with his profession, and through the influence of powerful friends he would likely succeed to the office.

CHAPTER II.

MISS POLLY BIAS—allow me to present her to you—gaunt, dark, a nose decidedly Roman, hair that was twisted so tight and wound around so firmly that one fancied that nothing but an old-fashioned bed-wrench could have produced the tension, small gray eyes, and thin lips. That's the style of Miss Polly's beauty. Now if she had been really genial and clever, nobody would have cared a straw for these personalities; but under the misapprehension that the world demanded extraordinary candor from her, she was at times decidedly vicious. As the only mantua-maker of any skill in the town, she was a person of no slight importance, and when May Holmes would have her plain gray merino made up, she could not do otherwise than enlist the formidable lady; and thus it was that the waning light of a March afternoon saw May's round figure under the not unskillful hands of Miss Polly, and the soft folds began to assume her trim shape. She didn't look like the picture of a martyr as she stood there with the sleeveless waist and trailing skirt, with the bright blue eyes and golden hair of a Hebe; but she was being martyred for all that. I omitted to notice, in the list of Miss Polly's personalities, her thumb, which was curved back like a bow. Under the pressure of this magical member plaits and trimmings seemed to gather themselves instinctively, and shears under its guidance never swerved from the right line, or cut where they ought not. But May had not learned to trust implicitly to the thumb, and when the shining steel bows of the scissors came near her throat she felt each time that they might snip a small incision on her throat, or that the long, lean fingers might close any moment. But this wasn't martyrdom. Oh no! I'll tell you what was:

"Ahem! I made a blue silk for Miss Garner, and it were lovely. How's that seam?" giving a pinch on the shoulder. "It had bows all over it, and trimmed with the beautifulest gimp you ever see. Hold out your arm a minit. I s'pose you've heard the news. I guess there'll be a weddin' down to Garner's soon."

May guessed what was coming, and helped it on by saying, coolly,

"Ah, Miss Sarah is to be the bride, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, you know Hal Grafton has been courtin' some time, and I s'pect that's what makes him so anxious to get the office away from your father."

"From father! Is he trying to get it?"

"Yes—la! hadn't you heard it? Now it's a good thing I've got the courage to tell folks what they don't know."

May put up her hand saying, "Isn't this too tight around the throat—it chokes me?" and Miss Polly hastened to release the girl, who was trembling and cold; but she didn't mean to let her escape, so she said,

"Now, Miss May, you jest stitch up them seams while I go on with the sleeves;" and May tried the task, but her tender-hearted mother, with a woman's intuitive tact, interposed for her relief,

"No, May dear, you go and take that loaf of bread down to Nancy's cottage, and the fresh air will do you good. I can finish these seams."

With a thankful glance May went out into the bright sunshine and away on her errand of kindness, but she still felt as though something was choking her breath, and making her heart bound at every inspiration. She tried to subdue the rising flush and sparkle in her eye as she walked quickly down the narrow lane, but the blood would not be obedient to her will. She walked rapidly, as a relief for the excitement of her spirit; for truly the words of the mantua-maker had been double-edged swords. That Hal, who she had sometimes fancied liked her just a little bit, should marry Sarah Garner, she had schooled herself to believe; but that he should try for the office which it would grieve Squire Holmes so much to resign, this it was that added to her sadness and bitterness of heart. She remembered those happy days that now seemed ages past, when her girlish will was law to the handsome clerk, and when, under pretext of a press of business, he would solicit her aid in the office; or when she, vexed with Euclid or algebra, found the clear brain and ready explanation, making all intelligible. And then walks and rides, and treasured flowers, and pleasant books, had kept up a dreamy happy life until now—now— Leo, the big house-dog, came bounding by, and would fain have leaped for a caress, but with a stern "Down, Leo!" she repulsed him. It was but a moment; and meeting the dumb beast's eye so full of love and wonder, she stooped to pat him, and then her heroism gave way, and, clasping the dog's neck, she leaned down and cried like a little child.

What there is in woman's nature that makes "a good cry" such a positive necessity at times I don't know, but certain it is that May Holmes went on her way more calm and hopeful.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the night but one before the new appointments would arrive by mail, and the Squire sat down to think. Ah, he looked back on by-gone days—on this dull March night, the office gossips had gone home, and he prepared to close the shutters and lock the mail-bags, thinking how soon he might miss these accustomed tasks. An oppressive sadness came over him as he sat down by the old stove to try to realize the coming change. Fancy carried him back to the proud day when he first entered on his duties, and that prouder time when he had a home and competence to offer to the sweet orphan-girl who was now a sober matron—to the days when his first-born May began to run about and play stage-coach among the mail-bags, and sort imaginary letters by the score—to the hours when dark-eyed Allan sat and dreamed in the old leathern chair where he now sat, drinking in the arguments and reasoning of the politicians about him with a wisdom beyond his years, until Death stamped his name on the white tombstone; and he was seen no more in his favorite resort. And then came right bright and loving, quick and merry, a winsome chap enough. With this memory came the sad thought that the favorite dream of giving his only son a college education must be dispelled, for the small pittance he possessed would barely sustain them all.

The fire was out and the lamp had grown dim before he was roused from his reverie by a light footfall. The office communicated directly with the house—in fact, occupied one wing, and through the door peeped the pale face of May Holmes—

"Oh, father, you'll get cold here; you are chilly now; come in the house. Mother and I have been waiting for you ever so long; and I came across the dark hall all alone to find you, father."

She stopped, for she saw what she had seen but few times before, a tear-drop on the old man's cheek. It rolled down unheeded over the collar of the well-worn coat, but another came, and another; but the Squire, with a voice a little husky, spoke cheerfully, "Why, little girl, you here! I do believe I'm getting a cold;" and the red silk handkerchief came out to justify the flimsy pretext. May stopped a moment, and, with sudden courage, placing her slight figure before him, spoke quickly,

"Father, I have done something without your permission—I have written for a place to teach. I thought you would have hard times pretty soon, and Wright must go to college; and I shall be so glad if I can be a little bit of help that way. Now you ain't sorry, are you, father? I want to do it, you see. I shall like to do something that will keep my thoughts occupied; for—for—I don't care for any body but you and mother and Wright—nobody;" and here, like an unaccountable little woman, she began to cry too.

The Squire looked at her with a puzzled glance, and, lifting her dimpled chin with his big forefinger, he said,

"May, May! and how about Hal Grafton? You know they say that he has gone off to Washington to get this office for himself, and you could—be Mrs. Postmaster."

"Oh, father, don't! If he is so cruel as to do that I never want to see him any more, and I would rather go away somewhere else. If he ever did like me ever so little, he couldn't do such a hateful thing as to try to get my father's place. I s'pose Miss Bias knows, and she says that Sarah Garner told her so, but I didn't think—"

A few tears, a quivering lip, and the girl took her father's hand smilingly, and drew him to the house. She bid him Good-night. He laid his hand on her head with a solemn "Bless you, child!" and she retired to fight the battle of life in restless dreams, with a sad trouble in her heart, but a brave spirit that was resolved to conquer regrets and repinings, to smooth the path of life for the parents she loved, and to help make sunshine on her little brother's future course. Such unselfish resolves as these always bring their own sweet reward; and when the morning light again broke it lit the cheerful brow and happy smile of the good daughter and loving sister, and with a peace that comes of trust in Him she commenced her accustomed tasks.

But a new care came upon her, for her father was sick—too ill to leave his bed. The long reverie in the fireless office, and perhaps a troubled spirit, had brought on a severe attack of lung fever, and for the first time in many years Squire Holmes was not seen at his accustomed post. May knew that her mother would be his nurse, and she made her own resolve. She knew that the office must be attended to, that Wright could not leave school at this time without endangering his success at the coming examination, and that some one who knew the routine would be required; so as she kissed her father "Good-morning," she answered his first question, "How about the Office?" with a cheerful answer.

"Oh! I've got somebody to attend it. Some one that is used to it. It's all right." The sick man had hardly consciousness to wonder who it was when the lethargic sleep crept over him again, and he wandered off in dreamy slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

SEE the new clerk perched up on a high stool behind the bars, two small hands sorting the few letters from a county mail, two small feet dangling a long way from the ground, and two bright eyes glancing up when a new-comer asks for a letter. They stare at May Holmes in her father's place, for she it was who had taken this charge upon her. It did not seem long to her since she used to be her father's assistant, while short dresses and curls made her presence suitable; and many a time had she answered to the nickname of "Jack" before a brother made his appearance on life's stage. She knew right well the whole routine, and for her father's sake she put back her natural shyness; and, once resolved, she was not one to falter in the path. I would not undertake to say that Fred Nelson did not come in very often for his letters those two or three days. I rather think he did; for May looked very fair as she sat among the dull books and mail-bags. Bill Barblow came every night to drag the heavy uncouth leathern receptacle to her feet and deposit it on the table before her, and would stand and stare at her with quiet wonder when the little hands brought order out of chaos. He told one or two in a loud whisper, "Well, it does beat me to see the little creatur workin' so smart. Why I couldn't do it more than nothin'." Miss Bias came in to say that she thought May ought to know that Sarah Garner thought that she was rather forward "to be doin' so, settin' up and talkin' to all the men." May grew white as she answered, "Miss Garner is cruel to say that;" and she bent over a letter and directed it to the wrong mail in her agitation, and wondered whether any body ever had such hard-hearted people to deal with before.

At last the night came when the document which would dispossess the present incumbent of the office might be supposed to arrive by mail, and as that time approached May grew trembling and excited. Her father seemed more ill than usual, and she felt the self-imposed task irksome to the last degree while her heart was with her father, and she longed to be about his bed every moment.

But the hours of that day came and went as hours will come and go forever; and at last her ear caught the sound of the well-known horn, and shortly after the rattling wheels of the stage-coach as it drove up to the door, and her stanch friend, Barblow, stood ready to transfer the mail-bag to the table. There was a short colloquy with some one within the vehicle; a clear ringing voice, and then a quick step on the threshold made May look up, to meet the eager, bright glance of Hal Grafton's eye, as his pleasant tones rung out so cheery:

"Miss May, I've come just in time to save you this work. I wish I had come before, but I had something to stay for—" His frank face grew puzzled, for the hand which he had thrust through the bars to exchange salutations was not grasped, and the pale lips of the girl before him moved quietly, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Grafton, I can do very well alone."

Nothing more; and Hal stood perfectly still and motionless for a moment. Then he grew angry, and turned on his heel to retreat; but some kindly feeling prompted him to return, and say,

"I would be very glad to relieve you of this care, for you look very weary, Miss May."

A quiet "No, thank you," barred all farther endeavors to make himself useful; and what his thoughts were as he shot off down the street like an arrow, any young man of twenty-four who thinks he has been abused can guess.

There was no document in the mail that night for Squire Holmes, for May's nervous fingers had shuffled the epistles over many times; and somewhat relieved that the evil day had been put off, she sought her father's bedside, only to find him delirious. Dr. Burnett was then watching anxiously the quick pulse of the sick man, and before he left determined to send some one to watch with the invalid who should be strong enough to lift him for freer breath or to administer the medicines.

It was midnight when the watcher made his appearance, and weeping May scarcely raised her head as a tall, dark form stepped lightly into the shaded room, and took a position by the head of the bed, behind the chintz curtain, and there remained, only speaking in a whisper to Mrs. Holmes, who sat beside her husband.

The patient slept at intervals, but uneasy mutterings and half-forgotten memories sounded sadly through the anxious hours.

"Yes, I know it; Jackson will never favor it. The bank—the great bank. Where's Allan? He looks pale to-night; he must not study too much. There's no letter for you to-night, Sir. Yes, here is one: 'Allan Holmes, aged ten, died'—yes, died. I know he died in the spring—"

Then a few moments of quiet, and the busy brain wrought on:

"Twenty years—yes, Sir. Nobody ever lost a letter—nobody. Did they tell me Hal was gone to get the office for himself? Well, well, Hal is a good lad, and I'm getting old; and—Where's May?"

The girl could keep down her sobs no longer, and had passed out of the room; but the tall watcher started at the last words, and with the reverential tenderness of a son he bent over the sick man, bathing his temples and hands, and administering the cooling draught; and when he seated himself again beside the patient, who had sunk off to sleep, there was a soft light in his eye, and a new calmness on his brow. In those dark hours he prayed with the earnest trust that he had ever held that One above would spare the old man's life a little longer, or if that boon might be denied, that he should turn to that God who alone could smooth the dark passage.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning light brought hope to the hearts of the watchers, and in the coming sunshine May knelt beside her father's bed, thankful to hear the words once more "My daughter."

Henry Grafton—for he it was who had held the vigil of the night—stood back; but when May's eyes discerned who it was who had nursed the weak invalid so tenderly, her frank nature could not resist the impulse to put out her hand with a word of thanks for the kindness, but she dared not meet his glance bent on her so inquiringly, nay, tenderly, as he said, "Miss May, at the risk of displeasing you, I must insist on taking your place in the office to-day." Before May could reply, Mrs. Holmes had thanked him and accepted the offer in spite of her protestations, and so the key was produced from May's apron-pocket and she was left to watch her father. The doctor came and reported favorably—the crisis had passed, and only rest and quiet would insure complete recovery.

It was strange why Hal would keep running into the house to ask May where the different articles were. In the first place, he declared he couldn't find the wrappers for the papers; then he didn't know where the wafers were kept, and, finally, he reported that the ink was all gone from the inkstand, and he didn't know where the rest was kept. Wouldn't Miss May please come and show him once? he wouldn't trouble her afterward if she would only set him right this time.

So there was nothing for it except to help his awkwardness, whether it were real or assumed, and she found the wrappers and the wafers and the ink, and was demurely walking out again when he arrested her.

"One more favor, Miss May—will you look in your father's box, there seems to be something there?"

She thought it strangely cruel that he should compel her to read the fatal official paper that met her eye, and smile so exultingly all the while, but with a trembling hand she took it up, as Hal said, "I brought it on from Washington, open, and I suppose you can as well see what it is?"

If ever Hal Grafton was happy in his life, it was when he saw the soft blue eyes dilate and the cheeks flush with the glad surprise; for lo! signed and sealed with all due forms, was the reappointment of Frederick Holmes, Esq., to the post-office for the next term of years, and a letter from a great political character, alluding to the testimonials and long array of the names of fellow-townsmen, referred to Harry Grafton as indefatigable in presenting and forwarding the petition, wherein Whigs and Democrats alike were represented. The paper dropped from her hands as she clasped them.

"Oh, I'm so glad! How can I thank you?—and to think that I—"

She was perched up on the tall stool, and Hal made only one step forward when he took each one of her little hands in his, as though he would help her off; but he only held her there, looking down on her with his big brown eyes, while he said,

"Little May, don't you know better than to doubt me so? You thought I was only seeking my own good; that I would willingly grieve you and lose my self-respect by taking away from your father the post which he fills so much better. Blossom—May blossom—I don't want any thing that any body can give me—but little May; can't she trust me for the future? I never had another dream than this, to press on in my profession until I could offer heart and home together to May Holmes."

Well, what does any body suppose a wee woman perched on a high office-stool could do but to let such a great, handsome, frank lover lift her down? and if he didn't take his arm from about her round waist until he had heard some sort of answer from the lips, what wonder? And if Squire Holmes didn't get well quicker after the administration of that wonderful paper than if he had taken a dozen pills, I don't know the reason why. Mrs. Holmes declared that it was the most wonderful "Poor Man's Plaster" that ever was known, for it was not many weeks ere the Squire was at his post, active and cheerful as ever.

Then came an answer to May's application for a teacher's place; but, for obvious reasons, she was obliged to decline the offer for herself, recommending, as more able, an old school friend who was very glad to make the engagement.

Miss Sarah Garner called soon after, dressed in the identical "beautifulest silk," bows and gimp included; and there was no consciousness in her manner that she had ever heard the story coined in the fertile brain of Miss Polly Bias. She congratulated May as politely as any one else; and if she felt a twinge of regret for handsome Hal, she concealed it very skillfully.

When that wedding did come off Miss Polly didn't get a chance to cut a breadth or gather up a bow with the wonderful thumb, but she revenged herself by pointing with it over her shoulder toward the Squire's, and referring to the city artiste there employed, as that "furrin" baggage.

Wright went to college the next winter, and when he wrote home to May the letter bore the superscription, Mrs. Henry Grafton, Esq. At each appearance of such epistles the Squire would smile anew, and declare that Love had stepped in to aid him when 'Lection failed.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph just taken expressly for this paper, a PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT. It is the first accurate portrait that has been published of him since he began to grow his beard.

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, was born on the 12th February, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His family, although much respected, were not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he was forced to fight his own way through the opening struggles of life's campaign. In this way he became intimately acquainted with the industrial classes, and they now claim him as one of their number—"*The Flatboatman.*" It is also reported that he supported himself for a winter by splitting rails for a farmer—whence his sobriquet, *The Rail-splitter*. Whether he was engaged in rural pursuits, or in piloting down the Mississippi boats laden with produce, he permitted no opportunity to escape for the improvement of his mind. When he had thus, by his own exertions, been admitted to the bar, he settled in the pleasant town of Springfield, Illinois, where he has since resided.

When the "Black Hawk War" broke out, in the spring of 1832, Mr. Lincoln was among the first to offer his services, and was elected captain of a company of Illinois volunteers, at the head of which he distinguished himself during the brief yet effective campaign. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature, taking decided ground as a Whig of the Henry Clay school. In 1846 he was elected a member of the 30th Congress, where he acted with the Whig party; and at the National Convention which nominated General Scott for President, in June, 1852, he was elected to represent Illinois in the Central Whig Committee. Yeoman's service did he render in that campaign.

In 1856 Mr. Lincoln entered actively into the Republican contest, and two years later a Convention of that party nominated him, in opposition to Judge Douglas, as Republican Senator from the State of Illinois. He was defeated, as is known, but lost none of his [illegible]tation with his party.

In May, 1860, he was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican Convention at Chicago, and was duly elected in November. His Inaugural in March has already been laid before the readers of the *Weekly*.

Last week a Committee of the Virginia Convention waited upon him to ascertain his views. He replied to them as follows:

"*To Hon. Messrs. Preston, Stuart, and Randolph:*

"GENTLEMEN—As a Committee of the Virginia Convention, now in session, you present me a preamble and resolution in these words:

"'*Whereas*, In the opinion of this Convention, the uncertainty which prevails in the public mind as to the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue toward the seceded States, is extremely injurious to the industrial and commercial interests of the country, tends to keep up an excitement which is unfavorable to the adjustment of the pending difficulties and threatens a disturbance of the public peace; therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That a committee of three delegates be appointed to wait on the President of the United States, present to him this preamble, and respectfully ask him to communicate to this Convention the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue in regard to the Confederate States.'

"In answer I have to say that having, at the beginning of my official term, expressed my intended policy as plainly as I was able, it is with deep regret and mortification I now learn there is great and injurious uncertainty in the public mind as to what that policy is, and what course I intend to pursue. Not having as yet seen occasion to change, it is now my purpose to pursue the course marked out in the Inaugural Address. I commend a careful consideration of the whole document as the best expression I can give to my purposes. As I then and therein said, I now repeat, 'The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what is necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people any where.' By the words 'property and places belonging to the Government,' I chiefly allude to the military posts

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. ANTHONY.]

and property which were in possession of the Government when it came into my hands. But if, as now appears to be true, in pursuit of a purpose to drive the United States authority from those places, an unprovoked assault has been made upon Fort Sumter, I shall hold myself at liberty to repossess it, if I can, like places which had been seized before the Government was devolved upon me; and in any event I shall, to the best of my ability, repel force by force. In case it proves true that Fort Sumter has been assaulted, as is reported, I shall, perhaps, cause the United States mails to be withdrawn from all the States which claim to have seceded, believing that the commencement of actual war against the Government justifies and possibly demands it. I scarcely need to say that I consider the military posts and property situated within the States which claim to have seceded as yet belonging to the Government of the United States as much as they did before the supposed secession. Whatever else I may do for the purpose, I shall not attempt to collect the duties and imposts by any armed invasion of any part of the country; not meaning by this, however, that I may not land a force deemed necessary to relieve a fort upon the border of the country. From the fact that I have quoted a part of the Inaugural Address, it must not be inferred that I repudiate any other part, the whole of which I reaffirm, except so far as what I now say of the mails may be regarded as a modification."

GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

WE publish herewith a portrait of General Beauregard, the commander of the Confederate forces at Charleston, to whom Major Anderson surrendered on 13th.

General P. G. Toutant Beauregard was born on his father's plantation, near New Orleans. His father was a wealthy and influential Louisiana planter. His mother—born Reggio—was of Italian origin, and descended from the ducal Reggio family of Italy. General Beauregard entered the United States Military Academy at West Point at an early age, where he graduated in 1838, taking the second honors in a class of forty-five graduates, and was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the First regiment of Artillery, which commission he only held for one week ere he was transferred to the Corps of Engineers. He was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in June, 1839, and in that capacity served with great distinction during the Mexican War. He was twice brevetted "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in the field, the first time as Captain for the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, to date from August 20, 1847, and again as Major for the battle of Chepultepec, to date from the 13th of September of that year. Major Beauregard was wounded in the assault upon the Garita de Beleu in the city of Mexico. On his return home he was presented with an elegant sword. He was subsequently placed by the Government in charge of the construction of the Mint and Custom-house at New Orleans, as well as of the fortifications on and near the mouth of the Mississippi. General B. is about forty-three years of age, in the prime of life and vigorous health, erect as a soldier, well made, and remarkably active.

A Charleston paper gives publicity to two incidents in General Beauregard's career:

"The first occurred before Vera Cruz.

"General B., then a Lieutenant of Engineers, was sent out by his Colonel (Totten, if we remember aright), with a party of sappers to dig and prepare a trench, according to a profile and plan prepared by the Colonel. No sooner had Beauregard examined the ground than he discovered great objections to the plan. To assure himself, he climbed into a tree, and with the aid of the marine glass, the engineer's *vade-mecum*, he made a reconnoissance, and saw plainly that the trench, as planned, would be enfiladed by the enemy's cannon. Here was a difficult position for a subaltern ministerial officer. He decided promptly, and returned to head-quarters without sticking a spade. The Colonel met him and expressed surprise that he had so soon performed his task. Beauregard replied that he had not touched it. The Colonel, with the astonishment military men feel in hearing their orders have not been obeyed, inquired the reason. He was soon informed of it. He was incredulous; 'the ground had been examined,' 'the reconnoissance was perfect,' etc. The young lieutenant was satisfied, however, that the reconnoissance of his old chief had not been made like his, 'from up in a tree.' The colonel, like a sensible man, concluded to make another examination; the plan was changed in accordance with the young lieutenant's views. The work done from these trenches is matter of history, which has not, however, informed us to whom the credit is due.

"The second event occurred before the city of Mexico.

"A night or two before the attack a council of war was held. There were assembled all the big folks, from the (now) Lieutenant-General (who practices Mexican tactics from the housetops in Washington), including Worth, Twiggs, etc., down to our friend Beauregard, the youngest officer in the room. The debate went on for hours. Scott was solitary in his opinion. Every other officer present, except one, had spoken, and all concurred in their views. The silent one was Beauregard. At last General Pierce crossed over and said, 'You have not expressed an opinion.' 'I have not been called on,' said Beauregard. 'You shall be, however,' said Pierce; and soon resuming his seat, announced that Lieutenant Beauregard had not given his opinion. Being then called out, he remarked, that if the plan which had received the consent of all but the commanding General was carried into effect, it would prove disastrous. It would be another Churubusco affair. He then detailed the objections to it at length; and taking up the other, urged the reasons in its favor with equal earnestness. The Council reversed their decision. The city of Mexico was entered according to the plan urged by the young lieutenant; and it would seem that his reasons influenced the decision. A few days afterward General Scott, in the presence of a number of general officers, alluded to Lieutenant Beauregard's opinion at the Council, and the consequences which had followed from it."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HERBERT and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfillment of Herbert's prediction that I should do so before I knew where I was.

Herbert himself had come of age eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain when my birthday was. On the day before it I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue-paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip to-day. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shaker—and I thanked him.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tomb-stone. The two ghastly casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

"Now, my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, Sir."

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

"At the rate of, Sir?"

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate—of?" And then looked all round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

I had looked into my affairs so often that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

"Now, I have asked *you* a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers. "Have you any thing to ask *me*?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, Sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me to-day?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have—I—any thing to receive, Sir?" On that Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, Sir?"

"You know you must say yes, don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes, Sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me—you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting, "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now unfold it and tell me what it is."

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

"How could I do otherwise!"

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountain-head, and no longer with the mere agent. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me. "I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry your words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his boots as if he suspected them of designs against him.

After a pause, I hinted;

"There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

"What is it?" said he.

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new. "Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—" there I delicately stopped.

"Will soon what?" said Mr. Jaggers. "That's no question as it stands, you know."

"Will soon come to London," said I, after casting about for a precise form of words, "or summon me any where else?"

"Now here," replied Mr. Jaggers, fixing me

"THE RESPONSIBLE DUTY OF MAKING THE TOAST WAS DELEGATED TO THE AGED."

for the first time with his dark deep-set eyes, "we must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?"

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers, "that's my answer."

As we looked full at one another I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting any thing out of him.

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negativing the question, but in altogether negativing the notion that he could anyhow be got to answer it—and the two horrible casts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to sneeze.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend, Pip. That's a question I must not be asked. You'll understand that better when I tell you it's a question that might compromise *me*. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

He bent down so low to frown at his boots that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, straightening himself, "you and that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know any thing about it. And that's all I have got to say."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and would have nothing to do with it. When I raised my eyes again I found that he had been shrewdly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

"If that is all you have to say, Sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

He nodded assent, and pulled out his thief-dreaded watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favor us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make no extra preparation for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So I said I would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with concerning such thought.

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished; he had raked his fire low, put his hat and great-coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick tightened his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any saw-dust.

"With *some* money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with *some* money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see: there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

I could have posted a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, "that a man should never—"

"—Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him."

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned, "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sentiments can be taken in this office."

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there in a private and personal capacity."

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his door-way, toweling his hands, Wemmick got on his great-coat and stood by to snuff out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

I could not help wishing more than once that evening that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard Street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to unbend his brows a little. It was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and suspicious world as he made of it. He was a thousand times better informed and cleverer than Wemmick, and yet I would a thousand times rather have had Wemmick to dinner. And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes fixed on the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten it, he felt so dejected and guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Deeming Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. On arriving before the battlements I found the Union Jack flying and the draw-bridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and resistance, I rang at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

"My son, Sir," said the old man, after securing the draw-bridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he would soon be home from his afternoon's walk. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in every thing, is my son."

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fireside.

"You made acquaintance with my son, Sir," said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "at his office, I expect?" I nodded. "Hah! I have heerd that my son is a wonderful hand at his business, Sir?" I nodded hard. "Yes; so they tell me. His business is the Law?" I nodded harder. "Which makes it more surprising in my son," said the old man, "for he was not brought up to the Law, but to the Wine-Coopering."

Curious to know how the old gentleman stood informed concerning the reputation of Mr. Jaggers, I roared that name at him. He threw me into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily, and replying, in a very sprightly manner, "No, to be sure; you're right." And to this hour I have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

As I could not sit there nodding at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted an inquiry whether his own calling in life had been "the Wine-Coopering." By dint of straining that term out of myself several times, and tapping the old gentleman on the chest to associate it with him, I at last succeeded in making my meaning understood.

"No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing. First over yonder;" he appeared to mean up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; "and then in the City of London here. However, having an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, Sir—"

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

"—Yes, hard of hearing; having that infirmity coming upon me, my son he went into the Law, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," pursued the old man, again laughing heartily, "what I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say any thing that would have amused him half as much as this imaginary pleasantry, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "John" upon it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph, "My son's come home!" and we both went out to the draw-bridge.

It was worth any money to see Wemmick waving a salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across it with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the draw-bridge that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

Miss Skiffins was of wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a very good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up, and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, "Well, you know, they're both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, Sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening, as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

Having thought of the matter with care, I approached my subject as if I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for: those, uncertain and unpunctual. I alluded to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and ignorance from his society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have done better without me and my expectations. Keeping Miss Havisham in the back-ground at a great distance, I still hinted at the possibility of my having competed with him in his prospects, and at the certainty of his possessing a generous soul, and being far above any mean distrusts, retaliations, or designs. For all these reasons (I told Wemmick), and because he was my young companion and friend, and I had a great affection for him, I wished my own good fortune to reflect some rays upon him, and therefore I sought advice from Wemmick's experience and knowledge of men and affairs, how I could best try with my resources to help Herbert to some present income—say of a hundred a year, to keep him in good hope and heart—and gradually to buy him on to some small partnership. I begged Wemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one else in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, though I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever brought me here."

Wemmick was silent for a little while, and then said, with a kind of start, "Well, you know, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

"Say you'll help me to be good, then," said I.

"Ecod," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that's not my trade."

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I.

"You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head. Mr. Pip, I'll put on my considering-cap, and I think all you want to do may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

"I thank you ten thousand times."

"On the contrary," said he, "I thank you, for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still, there *are* Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

After a little further conversation to the same effect we returned into the Castle, where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The responsible duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting his eyes. It was no nominal meal that we were going to make, but a vigorous reality. The Aged prepared such a hay-stack of buttered toast that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar; while Miss Skiffins brewed such a jorum of tea that the pig in the back premises became strongly excited, and audibly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

The flag had been struck and the gun had been fired at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the moat were thirty feet wide by as many deep. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the Castle but the occasional tumbling open of John and Miss Skiffins: which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it. I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

We ate the whole of the toast and drank tea in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause of repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then she put on her gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said, "Now Aged Parent, tip us the paper."

Wemmick explained to me while the Aged got his spectacles out, that this was according to custom, and that it gave the old gentleman infinite satisfaction to read the news aloud. "I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.?"

"All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself spoken to.

"Only tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick, "and he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased that it really was quite charming.

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopsle's great aunt's with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to come through a keyhole. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of putting either his head or the newspaper into them, he required as much watching as a powder-mill. But Wemmick was equally untiring and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged read on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Whenever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amazement, and nodded until he resumed again.

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a slow and gradual elongation of Mr. Wemmick's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins's waist. In course of time I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins neatly stopped him with the green glove, unwound his arm again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation laid it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins's composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen, and if I could have thought the act consistent with abstraction of mind, I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

By-and-by I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and gradually fading out of view. Shortly afterward his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense on my part that was quite enthralling and almost painful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly Miss Skiffins stopped it with the neatness of a placid boxer, took off that girdle or cestus as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am justified in stating that during the whole time of the Aged's reading Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

At last the Aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce a little kettle, a tray of glasses, and a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignitary of a rubicund and social aspect. With the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the Aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins mixed, and I observed that she and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, and under the circumstances I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the Aged, and having passed a pleasant evening.

Before a week was out I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in that matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him again upon it. So I went out again, and yet again, and yet again, and I saw him by appointment in the City several times, but never held any communication with him on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was that we found a worthy young merchant or shipping-broker, not long established in business, who wanted intelligent help, and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and me secret articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments: some, to fall due at certain dates out of my income: some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins's brother conducted the negotiation; Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never appeared in it.

The whole business was so cleverly managed that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which he came home one afternoon, and told me, as a mighty piece of news, of his having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchant's name), and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination toward him, and of his belief that the opening had come at last. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, he must have thought me a more and more affectionate friend, for I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy. At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked

to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

A great event in my life, the turning-point of my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give a chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF APRIL.

WITH weeping clouds the sky was gray;
An unseen mist above us fell;
And up the Hudson, far away,
The vapors rose from flood and fell;
The dim sun through the atmosphere
Flung down a moist heat from above,
Like one that strives to dry the tear
That trickles on the cheek we love.

Weehawken woods were blurred and wet,
And shivered through their leafy grain,
Like some poor bird by storms beset,
Whose plumage ruffles in the rain.
And every rock and creeping moss
Distilled a copious sorrow then,
As if Earth had usurped all loss,
And left no grief for gods or men.

And we wept too—those tears of pride
That well within the heart's deep core—
Our bosoms swelling like the tide
That lashed the dank Hoboken shore.
Our faces were as fixed as stone:
But many a cliff that granite seems
Is filled with crypts and springs unknown,
And in its heart is rich with streams!

We walked in silence: then, at last,
She turned and said: "'Tis best we part.
Forget," she sobbed—"forget the past;
Forget the interchange of heart;
Forget the evenings passed in song;
Forget the happy, happy stroll,
When o'er the twilight dusk and long
The night with shadowy footsteps stole.

"I loved you, and you oftimes swore
That you loved me as well as life;
Here, by this dank and dismal shore,
You asked me to become your wife.
I trusted you, and yet last night,
Here in this very spot, I saw
You, whom I thought my love, my light,
Prove traitor to all manly law.

"I, musing here, beheld you pass;
A fair girl to your bosom clung;
I crept behind you through the grass,
And heard the glozing of your tongue.
I saw her kiss you kissing back;
I saw her arms about your neck;
I saw your treachery—and, alack!
I knew my faithful heart a wreck.

"And now, Sir, go!" With a slow smile
I drew her head upon my breast—
The head that struggled all the while
In my strong arms with fierce unrest;
And whispered in her delicate ear,
Rosy and chambered as a shell,
One day a sister, loved and dear,
That pined within a convent cell,

Grew sick of solitude so unblest;
Flung off her robes so black and grim;
And flying to her brother's breast,
Came back once more to God and him!
"And that was she?" "It was: for years
I had not seen her till that eve."
Then on my bosom, through hot tears,
The maid sobbed out, "Forgive, forgive!"

And as she sobbed the gray skies broke;
A golden flood poured down the west;
The clouds rolled back like driven smoke,
And melted on Weehawken's crest.
An evening glory swept the earth;
The white sails down the Hudson flew;
In all there was a tenderer mirth,
For Heaven and she were smiling too.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

No Chimney!

Burners that will fit any Coal Oil Lamp, and burn Coal Oil or Kerosene without a chimney. Burner sent by mail on receipt of $1 25. Callender's Carbo-Air Gas Lamp burns pure Coal Oil, Camphene, &c., without wick or chimney. Sample Lamp $3 00. Enclose stamp for Circulars. Address CALLENDER & PERCE, Dealers in Lamps, Oils, &c., 175 Broadway, New York.

WEDDINGS for the UNION—Supplied with Cards, Notes, Satin Ties, Envelopes, &c., of the latest styles, at fair prices, by A. DEMAREST, Engraver, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y. Samples by mail.

GARDINER'S
RHEUMATIC AND NEURALGIA
COMPOUND.

A certain, safe, and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Salt Rheum. It is an internal remedy, driving out and entirely eradicating the disease, requiring no change in diet or business, and may be taken by children and persons of the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety.

Testimonials.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgic Compound" is the best medicine for the disease I ever saw.—CHAS. A. SMITH, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism twenty years, and being confined to my bed several weeks last spring, I was entirely cured by the use of one bottle of "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound."—NORMAN T. AYRES, 75 Franklin Street, Boston.

Having been a constant sufferer from Neuralgia for eighteen months, and been driven by excruciating pain to the trial of numberless remedies, without obtaining relief, I was induced to try "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound." I have taken but one bottle and am entirely well.—D. D. BAXTER, Dry Goods Dealer, No. 5 Appleton Block, Lowell, Mass.

I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a long time, and suffered more than can be imagined, except by those similarly afflicted. I tried one bottle of your Compound, and can honestly say that I believe myself entirely cured.—JOHN A. MORDO, Pearl St. House, Boston, Mass.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of sufferings of several years' standing.—W. E. HODGKINS, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

My son, ten years of age, has been for three years a great sufferer from Salt Rheum, his hands covered with sores and in constant pain; one bottle of your compound cured him.—J. W. HAMMOND, 99 Milk Street, Boston.

"Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" has entirely cured me of Neuralgia.—W. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor Pearl St. House, Boston, Mass.

I certify that my friend Wm. T. Glidden, Esq., presented me with a bottle of "Gardiner's Rheumatic Compound," in 1856, when I was suffering with a painful attack of Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and that it proved to be of decided benefit.—ALBERT SMITH, Ex-Member of Congress from Maine.

The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has been taken by hundreds of persons for Scrofulous Humors with great benefit.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 87 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Wholesale Agents for New York,
F. C. WELLES & CO., Franklin Street.

For sale by apothecaries generally throughout the United States. None genuine unless signed by CHAS. F. GARDINER.

Hard Times made Easy!

GOOD NEWS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED!

ONE THOUSAND CHANCES TO MAKE MONEY!
ONE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH
OF
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
AND
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
to be disposed of on an
ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAN.

2,500 AGENTS WANTED.

All persons desirous of securing an Agency in this
NEW ENTERPRISE
Should send on their names at once, inclosing a 3 cent stamp to pay postage, and receive by return of mail
A PREMIUM CATALOGUE
containing
OUR INDUCEMENTS,
which afford
A RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY
without risk, together with
FULL PARTICULARS
Relative to this
NOVEL PLAN!!

To insure prompt and satisfactory dealings, direct all orders to
GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"**Matrimony made Easy.**"—A new work, showing how either sex may be suitably married, irrespective of age or appearance, which can not fail—free for 25 cents. Address T. William & Co., Publishers, Box 2300, Philad.

$5,000 REWARD—TO ANY SOBER, energetic man who fails to make $2,000 a year. Business easy, honest, and at home. For full particulars, inclose a stamp for return, and address
A. D. F., Box 78, P. O.,
Wellsburg, Va.

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AND BOYS in every Town, City, and Village in the United States, to act as Agents for the sale of Sherman & Co.'s Gift Jewelry Envelopes. Agents can make from 3 to 8 dollars a day. Being largely engaged in the manufacture of a superior quality of Jewelry, we are enabled to offer to our customers a greater variety and more valuable Gifts than any other similar establishment. For further particulars enclose a stamp, and address, SHERMAN & CO., 229 Broadway, corner of Barclay Street, New York.

VALUABLE TO ALL—Who use the Pen or Pencil. Shaver's Patent Eraser and Burnisher, Pencil Sharpener, &c., all neatly combined in one tasteful form.

"It is a most ingenious contrivance, answering so many purposes entirely."—[Independent.

"It combines more useful qualities than any other article of its size within my knowledge."—[Ex-Gov. Dutton, of Connecticut.

1 Sample sent postage paid for 75c., or 3 styles for $1 50. Send for Circular. A. G. SHAVER, New Haven, Ct.

The Working Farmer
AND
Harper's Weekly,
$2 40 per Annum.

Address CHARLES V. MAPES, Mapes' Agricultural Warehouse, 126 and 128 Nassau Street, N. Y.

H. WORCESTER'S
IMPROVED PIANO FORTES,
Manufactory & Salesrooms,
14th St., cor. 3d Av., N. Y.

Great Work on the Horse!

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES:
BY ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S.,
Professor of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, Professor of Veterinary Medicine in the late Agricultural College of Ohio, Secretary of the American Veterinary Association of Philadelphia, etc., etc.

WILL TELL YOU Of the Origin, History and distinctive traits of the various breeds of European, Asiatic, African and American Horses, with the physical formation and peculiarities of the animal, and how to ascertain his age by the number and condition of his teeth; illustrated with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of Breeding, Breaking, Stabling, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, and the general management of the horse, with the best modes of administering medicine, also, how to treat Biting, Kicking, Rearing, Shying, Stumbling, Crib Biting, Restlessness, and other vices to which he is subject; with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and treatment of Strangles, Sore Throat, Distemper, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Broken Wind, Chronic Cough, Roaring and Whistling, Lampas, Sore Mouth and Ulcers, and Decayed Teeth, with other diseases of the Mouth and Respiratory Organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Worms, Bots, Colic, Strangulation, Stony Concretions, Ruptures, Palsy, Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Hepatirrhœa, Bloody Urine, Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, Inflammation, and other diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Urinary Organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Bone, Blood, and Bog, Spavin, Ring-Bone, Sweenie, Strains, Broken Knees, Wind Galls, Founder, Sole Bruise and Gravel, Cracked Hoofs, Scratches, Canker, Thrush, and Corns; also, of Megrims, Vertigo, Epilepsy, Staggers, and other diseases of the Feet, Legs and Head.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Fistula, Poll Evil, Glanders, Farcy, Scarlet Fever, Mange, Surfeit, Locked Jaw, Rheumatism, Cramp, Galls, Diseases of the Eye and Heart, &c., &c., and how to manage Castration, Bleeding, Trephinning, Roweling, Firing, Hernia, Amputation, Tapping, and other surgical operations.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES
WILL TELL YOU Of Rarey's Method of taming Horses; how to Approach, Halter, or Stable a Colt; how to accustom a horse to strange sounds and sights, and how to Bit, Saddle, Ride, and Break him to Harness; also the form and law of WARRANTY. The whole being the result of more than fifteen years' careful study of the habits, peculiarities, wants and weaknesses of this noble and useful animal.

The book contains 384 pages, appropriately illustrated by nearly One Hundred Engravings. It is printed in a clear and open type, and will be forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, half bound, $1 00, or, in cloth, extra, $1 25.

$1000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above, and other popular works of ours. Our inducements to all such are exceedingly liberal.

As our books are unequaled in their mechanical execution, as well as the value of their contents, a certain and rapid sale follows their introduction everywhere.

For single copies, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address
JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
No. 617 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WEDDING CARDS.
Specimens by Mail on receipt of 2 postage stamps.
EVERDELL 302 Broadway, N. Y.

HAVING been restored to health by a very simple Remedy, I am anxious to make known to others, who may be suffering from Debility, Nervousness, Loss of Memory, &c., the method and means of cure. Simply enclose stamp to D. H. WELLINGTON, Box 3818 Boston, Mass.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS—two very recent, and of great value to families; all pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—The best Spring Alterative. It will purify the blood, promote a vigorous circulation and thoroughly renovate the system.
For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

SILAS MARNER, the Weaver of Raveloe. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper Covers, 60 cents.

Throat Affections.

From Rev. E. Rowley, A.M., President Athens College, Athens, Tenn.—"I have found great benefit from the use of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' before and after preaching, as they prevent hoarseness, to which I am very subject. I think from their past effect they will be of permanent advantage to me. Several clergymen of my acquaintance to whom I have given the Troches have been benefited by them.

DR. BROWN'S
Patent Baby-Tender.
The Great Institution for Children.
Warerooms 652 Broadway.
J. Silas Brown & Co.
Send for our Circular.

LE BON TON—THE BEST LADIES' FASHION BOOK in the World. Specimen copies, with two valuable patterns, posted for 33 cents.
S. T. TAYLOR & SON, 407 Broadway, N. Y.

Close of the Twenty-Second Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For May, 1861.

CONTENTS.

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—IV. BOSTON AND LOWELL. Illustrated by PORTE CRAYON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—An expatriated Patriot.—On State Street.—Worth a Million.—Feeding Pigeons.—The Kitten.—Boston Girl.—Lecture on Matrimony.—The Artist's Studio.—A popular Orator.—Harbor of Cohasset.—A Haddock.—Lobster Pot.—Pond near Cohasset.—The Apple-Peeler.—The Shoemaker.—The Good Old Times.—Recreation formerly.—Recreation nowadays.—The Circus.—Between Hope and Fear.
THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.
THREE MONTHS IN LABRADOR. By CHARLES HALLOCK. (*Concluded.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Camp at Flatwater.—Settler's Cabin.—Map of Esquimaux Bay.—Esquimaux Toupik.—Esquimaux of Ungava.—Rigolette.—The Doctor's Mishap.—Mealy Mountains.—Nascopies, or Mountaineers.—Parhelia.—Chateau Islands.—Profile Rocks at Henley Harbor.—Fort at Chateau Bay.
DIGGING FOR CARTHAGE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Excavation at Carthage.—Cape Carthage.—The African Coliseum.—Ruins of Temple of Baal Hammon.—Punic Inscription.
THE DEBATABLE BABY.
GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.
ORLEY FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.
CHAPTER I. The Commencement of the Great Orley Farm Case.
CHAPTER II. Lady Mason and her Son.
CHAPTER III. The Cleeve.
CHAPTER IV. The Perils of Youth.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Orley Farm.—Sir Peregrine and his Heir.
A SINGLE WOMAN'S STORY.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.
CHAPTER VIII. Will be pronounced to be Cynical by the Benevolent.
CHAPTER IX. Contains one Riddle which is solved, and perhaps some more.
CHAPTER X. In which we visit "Admiral Byng."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cynical.—Laura's Fireside.—Riddles.—With Admiral Byng.
PRINCE NAPOLEON.
A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.—(*With Ten Illustrations.*)
FASHIONS FOR MAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Spring Pardessus, No. 1.—Spring Pardessus, No. 2.

The present Number completes the *Twenty-Second Volume* of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers renew their thanks for the cordial approbation and liberal support which the Magazine has received during the eleven years of its publication.

A regular monthly circulation of more than *One Hundred Thousand*, and a constant demand for back Numbers, Volumes, and complete Sets, evince that the Magazine meets the wants of the great body of American readers. All the features which have given it its distinctive character will be retained. Its object will still be to present to the American public the choicest literature of the day, with abundant Pictorial Illustrations of every subject in which the Artist can aid the Writer. The Publishers confidently anticipate a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has heretofore received from the Press and the Public.

The Author of "*Adam Bede,*" wishing to publish her New Novel, in England, complete, at an early day, it will not appear, as announced, in the Magazine, but has been issued in a volume by the Publishers, in advance of its publication in England. In its place will appear "*Orley Farm,*" by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the most brilliant Novelist of the day. The first part is contained in the present Number of the Magazine. It will be regularly continued until its completion, the Publishers having secured from the Author the advance sheets, and the original Engravings, from Drawings by MILLAIS, the founder of the "Pre-Raphaelite School," and the most eminent painter of the age.

Any Number will be sent by Mail, post-paid, for Twenty-five Cents. Any Volume, comprising Six Numbers, neatly bound in Cloth, will be sent by Mail, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, post-paid, for Two Dollars per Volume. Complete Sets will be sent by Express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, at a Discount of Twenty-five per Cent. from the above rate. Twenty-one Volumes, bound uniformly, extending from June, 1850, to November, 1860, are now ready.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of the MAGAZINE will also be sent gratuitously.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.